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Ponstalle



CHURCH AND VILLAGE
PSALMODY:
A
COLLECTION OF ABOVE 390
PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS ;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED CHIEFLY FOR

Public Worship,

BY

THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH,
RECTOR OF WATTON, HERTS.

"THOU art Holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel."
PSALM, xxii. 3.
"In PSALMS, and HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with grace in
your hearts to the Lord." — COLOSSIANS, iii. 16.

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P R E F A C E.

This selected edition of my Christian Psalmody has been made at the request of Clergymen by whom it was found inconvenient to procure the larger collection, for congregations chiefly of the poor. They suggested that a selection from it of those Psalms and Hymns most adapted to public worship might be sold at half the price, and so meet the wants of many poorer or village Congregations. The publisher readily consented to this arrangement.

The numbers of the former Editions have been preserved for general convenience.

To God be all the glory that the larger Collection has been so acceptable to the Churches in our land that above 128,000 have been sold. More and more may this heavenly part of Divine worship, singing with grace in our hearts to the Lord, be the delight and joy of Christian Congregations !

EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

Watton Rectory, Herts,
August 23. 1847.

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CHURCH AND VILLAGE PSALMODY.

I. The Holy Scriptures.

1 *The heavens declare, &c. Ps. xix. 1. L. M.*

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the earth thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse *our* sins, *our* souls renew,
And make thy word *our* guide to heaven.

3 *Give me understanding, &c. Ps. cxix. 34. C. M.*

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To Thee I lift mine eyes,
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;

Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Oh may thy word my thoughts engage
In each perplexing case!

Help me to feed on ev'ry page,
And grow in ev'ry grace.

4 Oh let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days!
Thy wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And Thou shalt have the praise.

4 *The entrance of thy words, &c. Ps. cxix. 130. C. M.*

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Eternal thanks, O Lord! be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 Oh may our souls with joy pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above!

5 *Thy statutes have been my songs. Ps. cxix. 54 C. M.*

1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!

For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind :
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 Oh may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight !
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view a Saviour there !

6 *Teach me thy statutes.* Ps. cxix. 12.

C M

1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord !
Behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart ;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store ;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more.

4 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in ev'ry page ;

And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

- 5 Thus, while thy word our footsteps guides,
Oh may we safely go
To those fair realms where love provides
A final rest from woe!

- 1 Does the Lord of glory speak
To his creatures here below?
And may souls so frail and weak
All his gracious dealings know?
Does the Blessed Bible bring
Tidings from our heavenly King?
- 2 Oh with what intense desire
Should we search that sacred book!
Here our zeal should never tire;
Here we should delight to look
For the rules by mercy given,
To conduct our souls to heaven.
- 3 Shall not he that humbly seeks
All the light of truth discern?
Do we not, when Jesus speaks,
Feel our hearts within us burn?
For his soul-reviving voice
Bids the mourner to rejoice.
- 4 Lord, thy teaching grace impart,
That we may not read in vain;
Write thy precepts on our heart,
Make thy truths and doctrines plain:
Let the message of thy love
Guide us to thy rest above.

II. The Attributes of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

8

PSALM C. First Version.

L. M.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed ;
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 Oh ! enter then his gates with praise :
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his name always ;
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood ;
And shall from age to age endure.

9

PSALM C. Second Version.

L. M

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

11 THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD, THE FATHER,

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

10 *The grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.* L. M.

- 1 FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

11 PSALM VIII. C. M.

- 1 O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is thy name !
- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there ;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;

- 4 Lord, what is man, that Thou should'st deign
To bear him in thy mind?
Or condescend to visit him,
In human flesh enshrined?
- 5 O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy name!

13 PSALM CXXXIX. L. M.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me thro'
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Search me, O Lord! and know my heart;
Try me, and prove each inward part!
Show me my sin, and by thy grace
Lead me in thine eternal ways.

14 PSALM XC. 1-6. C. M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

16 THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD, THE FATHER,

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

16

PSALM XVIII.

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high ;
And underneath his feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And He, as Sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 O God, my strength and fortitude !
 Of force I must love Thee ;
 Thou art my castle and defence
 In my necessity !

17

PSALM CIV.

104th M.

- 1 OH worship the King, all glorious above !
 Oh gratefully sing his unchangeable love !
 Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with
 praise.
- 2 Oh tell of his might ! oh sing of his grace !
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
 form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty ! thy power hath founded of old,
 Hath establish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast like a girdle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the
 plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O Lord of all might, how boundless thy love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

18 *Who is a God like, &c.* Micah, vii. 18. 112th M.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Display thine attributes divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
Beyond thine other wonders shine:
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is thine own prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

20 PSALM CIII. L. M.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad.
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

- 4 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise, —
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 5 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.
- 6 Then, O my soul ! with joyful tongue,
Proclaim his mercies in thy song ;
Let not the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

22 *The Lord is my light, &c.* Ps. xxvii. 1. C. M.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And tells me I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through ev'ry foe :
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conq'ror through.

25 THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD, THE FATHER,

23 *Rejoice again, I say, &c. Phil. iv. 4. 148th M.*

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
"Rejoice; again, I say, rejoice."
- 2 The Mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above. Lift up, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given. Lift up, &c.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet. Lift up, &c.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound "Rejoice."

25 PSALM XXXVI. v. 5—9. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
How safely may thy children, Lord,
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And find salvation in thy word!
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With Thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
Oh let thy saints thy favour gain!
To contrite hearts thy truth display.

26 *Christ the wisdom, &c. Prov. viii. 22—31.* 7-6

- 1 "ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills;
Before He fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In Me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.
- 2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure:
And I was with Him then:
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men."
- 3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race!

27 THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD, THE FATHER,

Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above ;
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

- 4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw thee, slighted,
And nail'd thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

27 *His name shall be called, &c. Is. ix. 6. L. M*

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all ;
My praise shall climb to his abode ;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The Great, Supreme, Almighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw Him shine ; —
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six-days' work He made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd He hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel ;
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship Him who died for me.

6 As Man, He pities my complaint;
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint;
Lord, make thy full salvation mine!

28 *A name above every name.* Phil. ii. 9. 148th M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came —
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne
- 4 Divine Almighty Lord,
My Conq'rour and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!
- 5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way

30 THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD, THE FATHER,

29

I am the way, &c. St. John, xiv. 6.

C. M

- 1 THOU art the WAY—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, in Thee.
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life—
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

30

Praying in the Holy Ghost. St. Jude, 20. 113th M.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry humble mind;
Come pour thy joys on all mankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.
- 2 Thou strength of his Almighty hand
Whose power doth heaven & earth command,
Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;

- Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee.
- 31 *The Lord direct, &c. 2 Thess. iii. 5* L. M.
- 1 O LORD, the Holy Ghost! subdue
Each wayward temper, thought, and will;
Our spirits by thy power renew,
And all thy faithful word fulfil.
- 2 Stablish our souls with strength'ning grace;
From evil thy defence afford;
Enable us in all our ways
To keep the precepts of our Lord.
- 3 Direct our hearts aright to know
Our heavenly Father's wond'rous love;
Patience of hope in Christ bestow,
To wait his coming from above!
- 4 And ever may the Lord of peace,
Peace, by all means, himself restore!
May He, and the Redeemer's grace,
Be with us now, and evermore!

III. Creation and Providence.

- 33 PSALM XIX. 1-3. D. I. M.
- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ! —
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ! —
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food :
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

- 4 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 5 In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath :
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard—
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?
- 7 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.

35

PSALM CXLVIII.

148th M.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name ;
In praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, to sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, the queen of night,
Thou sun, the orb of day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay :
His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last, from changes free :—
His firm decree stands ever fast.

38 CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 4 His chosen saints by grace
He lifts to thrones on high ;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh:
Oh therefore raise your grateful voice,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise !

36 *Give unto the Lord, &c. Ps. xxix. 1. C. M.*

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl winds of night, your force combine,
Without his high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard on high
When dreadful thunders roll ;
Through heaven and earth his lightnings fly,
Restrain'd by his control.
- 5 Ye nations bend, in rev'ence bend,
Ye kings obey his word,
And bid the grateful song ascend
To celebrate the Lord.

38 *Surely goodness and mercy, &c. Ps. xxiii. 6. C. M.*

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
To taste those gifts with joy.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

39 *My times are in thy hand. Ps. xxxi. 15.*

78

- 1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree who fram'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth ;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb ;
All my time shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

- 4 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till He bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O Thou gracious, wise, and just!
Unto Thee my life I trust;
May I always own thy hand,
Still to the surrender stand.
- 8 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

40 *Thy footsteps are not known.* Ps. lxxvii. 19. C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

IV. Redemption and Intercession of Christ.

43 *In His pity, &c. Isa. lxiii. 9. C. M.*

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
- [2 When justice by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.]
- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

46

My heart shall rejoice, &c. Ps. xlii. 5.

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! oh the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sov'reign balm to every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
In death's dark gloom we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
- 5 Salvation! let the sound be heard,
In Salem's courts again;
Let Judah swell th' enlivening word,
And Ephraim catch the strain.

47

A Man shall be as a hiding, &c. Is. xxxii. 2. C. I

- 1 HE who on earth as Man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.
- 2 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.
- 3 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Their fainting souls invade,
To this eternal Rock they run,
And find a welcome shade.

4 How glorious He ! how happy they,
 In their Almighty Friend !
 His love secures them all the way,
 And crowns them at the end.

48 *It is not possible, &c. Heb. x. 4.* S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

49 *The blood of Jesus Christ, &c. 1 John i. 7.* C. M.

1 FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows
 Of water and of blood,
 More healing than Bethesda's pool,
 Or fam'd Siloam's flood.*

* *The first verse in the original is —*

[THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.]

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 This fountain in his day ;
 And there would I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring, tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

50

Moses wrote of Me. St. John v. 46. 148th M.

- 1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the gospel too :
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once applied with power,
 Would teach the need of other blood
 To reconcile a holy God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood of matchless worth
 Should be the soul's defence ;
 For he who can for sin atone
 Must have no failings of his own.

- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more ;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
" Behold ! I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free ;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea. —
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age :
Oh grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me !

51

The year of my, &c. Is. lxiii. 4.

148th M

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad. The Year, &c
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim. The Year, &c

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live. The Year, &c.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love. The Year, &c.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face. The Year, &c.

53

In whom we have, &c. Eph. i. 7.

8s. 7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before Thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross ;
That alone be all our glory ;
All things else we count but loss.
- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good :
Every grace and every favour
Comes to us through Jesu's blood.
- 3 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heaven ;
He pronounces the sweet sentence,
" Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
- 4 Faith He gives us, to believe it ;
Grateful hearts, his love to prize ;
Want we wisdom ? He must give it ;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 5 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what He requires,
Makes us follow his directions ;
And what He commands inspires.

- 6 All our prayers and all our praises,
Humbly offer'd in his Name —
He that dictates them is Jesus ;
He that answers is the same.
- 7 When we live on Jesu's merit,
Then we worship God aright ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savingly unite.
- 8 Every grace and every favour,
Great or good whate'er we call,
Have we only in the Saviour :
Jesus Christ is all in all.

54

Mine own arm, &c. Isa. lxiii. 5.

7a.

- 1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
Rest upon the Victor's head :
Crowns of glory are his right,
His who liveth and was dead.
- 2 Jesus fought and won the day ;
Such a day was never fought ;
Well his people now may say,
See what God, our God, has wrought !
- 3 He subdu'd the powers of hell,
In the fight He stood alone ;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.
- 4 They have fall'n to rise no more ;
Final is the foe's defeat ;
Jesus triumph'd by his power,
And his triumph is complete.
- 5 His the fight, the arduous toil ;
His the honours of the day ;
His the glory and the spoil :
Jesus bears them all away.

- 6 Now proclaim his deeds afar,
 Fill the world with his renown;
 His alone the victor's car,
 His the everlasting crown.

Second 54 *To make intercession, &c.* Heb. vii. 25. 148th M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my Surety stands;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead:
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear Anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconcil'd;
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.

V. The Work of the Spirit.

55 *Grieve not the Holy, &c.* Eph. iv. 30. S. M.

- 1 FORBID it, Lord, that we,
 Who from thy hand receive
 The Spirit's power to make us free,
 Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

- 2 Oh keep our faith alive,
Help us to watch and pray ;
Lest by our carelessness we drive
The sacred guest away.
- 3 How can we bear to lose
Our best and kindest friend,
Life, health, and happiness refuse,
And joys that never end !
- 4 Are Satan's chains so light,
So easy to be borne,
That we thy tender love should slight,
Thy glorious freedom scorn ?
- 5 Lord, make us wholly thine ;
And in our hearts of stone
Let grace with purer lustre shine,
To mark us for thine own.

56 *Perfect that which, &c. Ps. cxxxviii. 8. C. M.*

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer ;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh bring thy comforts near !
- 2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
Oh let thy grace remove !
And may the souls which Thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.
- 3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before ;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.
- 4 Complete the work Thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light ;
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

60 THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

5 Then, as our wond'ring eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

59 *I will lead them, &c. Is. xlii. 16.* S. M.

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown:
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

60 *The love of God, &c. Rom. v. 5.* C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls—how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise—
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever be
In this poor dying state—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thine all-quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

31 *Christ is All and in All.* Col. iii. 11. 113th M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
 Eternal source of heavenly love,
 Our hearts attune, our tongues inspire,
 That we may emulate the choir,
 That, without ceasing, hymn his praise,
 The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Lo! when we lay in guilt and sin,
 Deform'd without, defil'd within,
 From heaven He look'd with pitying eye,
 From heaven He came to bring us nigh,
 And through the merit of his blood,
 To give us free access to God.

3 Hosannas, then, to Christ be rais'd;
 For ever be the Saviour prais'd;
 Be honour, power, and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n;
 For He is worthy to receive
 More praise than heav'n and earth can give.

4 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, to Thee,
 For pardon, peace, and life we flee;
 The shelter of thy cross we claim;
 Thy righteousness alone we name:
 Now at thy feet we suppliant fall,
 Our Lord, our Life, our All in All!

32 *Led by the Spirit of God.* Rom. viii. 14. L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above:
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
 O'er every thought and step preside.

64 THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness — the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ — the living way:
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God — our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share —
Fulness of joy for ever there.

64 *Uphold me by thy free Spirit. Ps. li. 12.*

78

- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart:
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us ev'ry devious way,
Where our steps have gone astray:
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heav'nly race,
Train'd in wisdom, led by love
Till we reach our rest above.

VI. The Christian Life.

1. THE PRIVILEGES OF CHRISTIANS.

6 *Now are we, &c.* 1 John iii. 1—4. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God !
- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,—
A world that knew not when He came,
E'en God's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess ;
But higher we shall rise ;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes :
- 4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear his image bright ;
For all his glory, full disclos'd,
Shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure ;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

7 *Blessed is the people, &c.* Ps. lxxxix. 15—18. C. M.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's Name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

- 3 They glory in his cross alone ;
 They conquer by his grace ;
 And near the King's eternal throne
 Will soon possess a place.
- 4 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

70

Joy over one sinner, &c. St. Luke xv. 7. L. M.

- 1 Who can describe the joys which rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return !
 To see an heir of glory born !
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love ;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies ;
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul He forms anew :
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

72

I will never leave thee, &c. Heb. xiii. 5. C. M.

- 1 THE world can neither give nor take,
 Nor even comprehend,
 That peace of God which Christ hath bought,
 That peace which knows no end.
- 2 The burning bush was not consum'd
 While God remained there ;
 The three, when Jesus made a fourth,
 Found fire as soft as air.
- 3 God's furnace doth in Sion stand,
 But Zion's God is by ;

As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend ;
And, though He doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

5 His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds oft come between ;
And, could our faith but pierce those clouds,
It might be always seen.

6 Then shall I ever, ever sing,
And Thou for ever shine ;
I have thine own dear pledge for this,
Lord, Thou art ever mine.

74 *He hath covered me, &c. Isa. lxi. 10. L. M.*

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim —
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;

No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

- 6 Oh let the dead now hear thy voice !
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, The Lord our righteousness.

75 *Your life is hid, &c.* Col. iii. 3. C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that rests upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence, —
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumph'd once for you ;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in Him too.

77 *Old things are passed away, &c.* 2 Cor. v. 17. C. M.

- 1 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

- 2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to Thee;
 'Tis grace indeed that Thou should'st own
 A worthless worm like me.

Second 77 *All things are yours.* 1 Cor. iii. 21. L. M.

- 1 How vast the treasures we possess;
 How rich thy bounty, King of Grace!
 This world is ours, and worlds to come;
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.
- 2 All things are ours, the gifts of God,
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
 While the good Spirit shows us how
 To use and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown our days,
 They help us, Lord, to speak thy praise;
 If bread of sorrows be our food,
 These sorrows work our lasting good.
- 4 We would not change our blest estate,
 For all the world calls good or great;
 And while our faith can keep her hold,
 We envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, we wait thy daily will;
 Thou shalt divide our portion still;
 Grant us on earth what seems Thee best,
 Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

78 *Sit with me on, &c.* Rev. iii. 21. L. M.

- 1 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
 That Thou should'st man to glory bring —
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 And give them an immortal crown!

- 2 Oh, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 3 First-born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee both earth and heaven must bow ;
Help us to Thee our all to give ;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

79

They shall run and, &c. Isa. xl. 28, &c. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone :
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint. —
- 3 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

2. GRACES AND DUTIES DESCRIBED.

82

All things are possible, &c. St. Mark ix. 23

8s.

- 1 WHEN truly a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption through Jesus's blood.

The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings a salvation like this,
Is more than a notion or name ;
The work of the Spirit it is.

- 2 It treads on the world and on hell ;
It vanquishes death and despair ;
And, oh, let us wonder to tell !
It overcomes heaven by prayer ;
Permits a vile worm of the dust
To commune with God as a Friend,
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, *Depart*,
That stand between God and the soul :
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole ;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be transient as snow, and as white ;
And raises poor sinners on high,
To dwell with the angels in light.

83 *Praying always, &c.* Eph. vi. 18. C.M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold he prays ! "
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While, with the Father and the Son,
Their fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on th' eternal throne
For sinners intercedes :—
- 8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

85 *Ask and it shall be given you. St. Matt. vii 7. L. M.*

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again :
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me ! "

86 *How dreadful is this place !* Gen. xxviii. 17. L. M.

- 1 WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his praise and sing his love,
We ought to worship Him below,
As saints and angels do above.
- 2 They stand before his presence now,
And praise Him better far than we,
Who only at his footstool bow,
And love Him, though we cannot see.
- 3 But God is present every where,
And watches all our thoughts and ways ;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.
- 4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part ;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek Him with the heart.
- 5 Oh ! may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days which God has given ;
But so improve them here below,
That we may live with God in heaven.

89 *Love as brethren, &c.* 1 Pet. iii. 8. S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us walk together
In the bonds of love and peace;
Can it be a question whether
Brethren should from conflict cease?
'Tis in union, hope, and joy, and love increase.
- 2 While we journey homeward, let us
Help each other in the road;
Foes on every side beset us,
Snares through all the way are strew'd:
It behoves us each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father
Has forgiven, and does forgive,

Brethren, we should learn, the rather,
 Free from wrath and strife to live ;
 Far removing all that might offend or grieve.

- 4 Then let each esteem his brother
 Better than himself to be ;
 And let each prefer another,
 Full of love, from envy free :
 Happy are we, when in this we all agree.

91 *There is one body.* Eph. iv. 4. S. M.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With heavenly blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, born of hell,
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in holy friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

Second 91 *If God so loved us, &c.* 1 John iv. 11. C. M

- 1 OUR God is love ; and all his saints
 His image bear below :
 The heart with love to God inspir'd
 With love to man will glow.
- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
 As we are lov'd of Thee ;

None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the vain contentious world
See how true Christians love ;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine, —
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

95

In quietness, &c. Isa. xxx. 15.

6-7s.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Humble, upright, free from art;
Make me as a little child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me thankfully receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that 'Thou wilt care —
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own, —
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with Thee abide,
Thee my Father, guard, and guide.

97

Ye should follow his steps. 1 Peter ii. 21.

L. M.

- 1 MY bless'd Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What truth and love thy bosom fill!
What zeal to do thy Father's will!
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

98

Renewed after the image of, &c. Col. iii. 10.

7s.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,
 Glorify Thyself in me ;
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
 Fix my thoughts on things above,
 Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
 To thy will (thy will be done !)
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod,
 Bear with Him on earth my cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

3. FAITH DESIRED.

99

It is the gift of God. Ephesians ii. 8.

S. M.

- 1 FAITH is a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd ;
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
 And all-atoning priest ;
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.

- 3 To Him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
If faith direct our way.
- 5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

100 *I am the Lord that, &c.* Ex. xv. 26. C. M.

- 1 HEAL us, Emmanuel; here we are,
Waiting thy power to feel;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
That 'Thou their wounds may'st heal.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Help Thou mine unbelief."
- 4 She, too, who touch'd Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
To touch Thee, if we may:
Oh! send us not despairing home;
Send none unheal'd away.

101

Christ in you the hope. Col. i. 27.

C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art form'd within ;
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin !
- 2 Oh may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light !
- 3 Until, releas'd from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

102

Being fully persuaded, &c. Rom. iv. 21.

C. M.

- 1 THY promises surpass my thought,
But faithful is my Lord ;
In unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 2 Faith lends her realizing light,
And clouds and shadows fly ;
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
Distinct to mortal eye.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, " It shall be done."

4. REPENTANCE DESIRED.

105

Jesus, Master, have, &c. St. Luke xvii. 13.

L. M.

- 1 O JESUS ! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,

Yet once again I seek thy face,
 In mercy look and take me in.
 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore:
 Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
 The stone to flesh, O Lord! convert;
 The veil of sin once more remove:
 Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
 And melt it by thy dying love.
 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now:
 Fill my whole soul with filial fears,
 And to thy yoke my spirit bow.

106 *He shall bear their, &c. Isa. liii. 11.* 8s. 7s.

GREAT High Priest, we see Thee stooping,
 With our names upon thy breast;
 In the garden groaning, drooping,
 To the ground with horrors prest:
 Wond'ring angels stood confounded,
 To behold their Maker thus;
 And can we remain unwounded,
 When we know 'twas all for us?
 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus!
 Can relieve us from our smart;
 Nothing else from guilt release us,
 Nothing else can melt the heart:
 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone;
 But the sense of blood-bought pardon
 Can dissolve a heart of stone.
 Jesus, all our consolations
 Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good;
 Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
 All are purchas'd by thy blood:

From thy fulness we receive them ;
 We have nothing of our own ;
 Freely Thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy who have none.

5. CONVICTION OF SIN.

109 *Ask, and it shall be given you.* Matt. vii. 7. C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh :
 Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

110

PART I. PSALM LI.

L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !
 Let a repenting sinner live :
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not the guilty trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace ;

Oh ! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean.

- 2 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

111

PART 2. PSALM LI.

L. M.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death :
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
Oh ! make me wise, betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone :
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

6. AFFLICTION AND CONFLICT.

119

What things were, &c. Phil. iii. 7.

8. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- 3 Think, my soul, who dwells within thee;
What a Father's smiles are thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

120

It is the Lord, &c. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

C. M.

- 1 "It is the Lord," my covenant God—
Thrice blessed be his name! —
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 2 "It is the Lord," shall I distrust
Or contradict his will,

Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 "It is the Lord," who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease,
And of his bounty may recal
Whatever part He please.

4 "It is the Lord," who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 "It is the Lord," whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-glowing praise.

121 *Lord, remember me.* Luke xxiii. 42. C. M

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Jesus, remember me.

2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be.
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,

Be this the prayer of my last breath,
"O Lord, remember me!"

- 6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Still, Lord, remember me.

122 *Jesus, thou Son of David, &c. Mark x. 47.*

7s.

- 1 WHEN the heart is sad within,
Burden'd with the weight of sin;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 2 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou wert pleas'd their load to bear:
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 3 When our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn in sorrow drear,
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 4 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the friendly tear;
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 5 When our dying hour shall come,
And the Lord shall call us home;
When our final doom is near,
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 6 Thou hast pass'd thro' death's dark shade;
Thou hast full atonement made;
Thou to God's right hand art near;
"Jesus, Son of David," hear.

124 *It is I; be not afraid.* Matt. xiv. 27. 8. 7. 4.

1 WHY those fears? — Behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean;
Led by Him, the storm defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him, and the storms before Him fly.

3 Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder think on toils and dangers past.

4 Oh what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases on that tranquil, happy shore.

125 *Let us run with patience, &c.* Heb. xii. 1. 7s.

1 OFT in sorrow, and in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war and face the foe;
Tremble not in danger's hour,
Trusting in your Captain's power.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
In your very weakness strong,
Fight, nor think the battle long.

- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry,
 Onward still in battle move,
 More than conqu'rors shall ye prove.

7. HOLINESS.

133

Faith worketh by love. Gal. v. 6.

L. M.

- 1 IN vain men talk of living faith,
 When all their works exhibit death,
 When they indulge some sinful view
 In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
 Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
 Commits his works to God alone,
 And seeks God's will before his own.

135

PSALM IV.

Double 7s.

- 1 GOD of all my righteousness,
 Guide thro' ev'ry past distress,
 Show thy mercy, hear my cry,
 Save, oh save me ere I die.
 Hark! the awful voice divine,—
 "Flee from sin, and thou art mine;
 Godly men to God are dear;
 Serve thou Him, and He will hear."

136

Followed me fully. Numb. xiv. 24.

C. M.

- 1 ON for a single heart for God!
 To follow Him alone,
 Wholly and fully Him to serve
 Who did for sin atone.
- 2 Why should my heart divided be?
 Thou art my only Lord,
 Who didst create me, hast redeem'd,
 And wilt thy help afford.

- 3 I cannot serve the Lord and sin ;
 I must decided be ;
 Though shame, reproach, and loss attend,
 By grace I *will* serve Thee.
- 4 Unite my heart to fear thy name,
 Let all its powers be one ;
 Let love and hope, desire and joy,
 Be fixed for Christ alone.

8. JOY.

138

Serve the Lord with, &c. Ps. c. 2.

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song, with sweet accord,
 While we surround the throne.
- 2 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
 Whose thunders roll above,
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 Whose throne shall ne'er remove, —
- 4 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Friend ;
 His care shall guard life's fleeting hours ;
 His love shall never end.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

- 7 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry; [ground,
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing in his wings;
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,—
 E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may,
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too;
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed;
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

140

PSALM XXXII.

S. M.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care ;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound,
 Till I confess'd my sins to Thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
 Let saints keep near the throne :
 Our help. in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

141

I will trust, &c. Isa. xii. 2.

104th M.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear :
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform :
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 His love in time past forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;

Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
 through.

- 3 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
 Which He drank quite up, that sinners might
 live: [mine;
 His way was much rougher and darker than
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
 long, [song!
 And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's

142 *The Lord will provide.* Gen. xli. 14. 104th M.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;
 Though friends shall all fail, and foes all unite;
 Yet one thing secures us, — whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
 claim; [name,
 Yet, if we have known the Saviour's great
 In Him, our strong tower, we safely may hide;
 The Lord is our power, — the Lord will provide.
- 3 When fled is our youth, and death is in sight,
 The word of his truth shall still be our light;
 Though tempests may lour, with Christ on
 our side, [vide.
 In death's darkest hour the Lord shall pro-

143

PSALM XXIII.

113th M.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,

And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

146 *The loving-kindnesses of, &c. Isa. lxiii. 7. L. M.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving-kindness, oh how strong !

- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But, though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

- 1 HAPPINESS! delightful name!
Where's its place? Oh tell me where!
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, It is not here.
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies ;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known
 For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe

150 *Hitherto hath the, &c.* 1 Sam. vii. 12. Double 8s.7d.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
 Streams of mercÿ never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me, Lord, the rapt'rous measures
 Sung by flaming hosts above ;
 Bid me tell the countless treasures
 Of my God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace break every fetter
 That withholds my heart from Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

151 *Thy name is as ointment, &c.* Canticles i. 3. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd thy child.
- 5 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end, —
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the mem'ry of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

9. PRAYER.

153 *Ask what I shall, &c.* 1 Kings iii. 5. L. M.

- 1 AND dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength,
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if 'Thou art mine.

154

The throne of grace, &c. Heb. iv. 16.

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Beyond our utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

155

O my God, be not, &c. Ps. xxxviii. 21.

L. M.

- 1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
O Lord! to choose the better part —
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then, should the wildest storms arise,
And tempests mingle seas and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

158

In thy light shall, &c. Ps. xxxvi. 9.

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine;
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light, in thy light, oh may I see:
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Receiv'd and comforted by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
Let thine adopted child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconcil'd.

160

Lord, I, &c. St. Mark ix. 24. Double 7s. 6s.

- 1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe,
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to thy cross for refuge flee
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 2 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 To Thee I lift mine eye;
 Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy grace is always nigh:
 Now, as yesterday, the same
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be: Friend, &c.
- 3 Nothing, Lord, have I to pay,
 That can thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor:
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery: Friend, &c.
- 4 No good word, or work, or thought,
 Bring I to buy thy grace;
 Pardon I accept unbought,
 Thy promise I embrace,
 Coming, as at first I came, [&c.
 To take, and not bestow on Thee: Friend,

161 *Confessed that they were, &c. Heb. xi. 13. 8. 7 1.*

- 1 GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrims through this barren land;
 We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold us with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven, feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the living fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through:
 Strong deliv'rer, be Thou still our strength
 and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside:
 Bear us through the swelling torrent,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, we will ever give to Thee.

165

A covert from, &c. Isa. xxxii. 2. Double 7s.

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
Vile and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

166

I am the good, &c. John x. 11.

78.

- 1 JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Powerful is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with safest care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.
- 2 Thee their guide and guard they own ;
Thee they love, and Thee alone ;
Thee they follow day by day,
Fearful lest their feet should stray.
- 3 Lord, thy helpless sheep behold ;
Gather all into thy fold ;
Gently lead the wand'ers home ;
Watch them, lest again they roam.
- 4 Bring thy sheep, now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way ;
Then (the fold and Shepherd one)
We shall praise Thee round the throne.

168

They which follow the Lamb, &c. Rev. xiv. 4.

78.

- 1 LAMB of God, who Thee receive,
And in Thee begin to live,
Day and night will cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be."
- 2 Fix, oh ! fix, each wav'ring mind ;
To thy sway our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Fill our hearts with fervent love.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 May we in thy name believe,
Of thy fulness now receive,

Die to sin and live to Thee ;
Then we shall indeed be free.

- 5 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man,
Endless praise to Thee be given
By thy saints in earth and heaven.

169

To give light, &c. Luke 1. 79. Double 8s. 7 .

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
Come and manifest the favour
Thou hast for thy ransom'd race;
Come, Thou kind and tender Saviour,
Manifest thy gospel grace.
- 3 Help us in thy great compassion,
O Thou Prince of peace and love;
Show us all thy great salvation,
Raise our hearts to things above!
By thine all-sufficient merit
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

170

PSALM CXXXI.

78.

- 1 LORD, for ever at thy side
May my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken,—*I* believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguil'd,
On thy faithfulness I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

176

If we ask, &c. 1 John v. 14.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our fallen spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon our heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;

And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

- 5 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

177 *That Christ, &c.* Ephes. iii. 17. Double 8s. 7s

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry waiting heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh ! breathe, thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our souls at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return — and never,
Never more thy temple leave :
Thee may we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Triumph in redeeming love
- 4 Finish then thy new creation ;
Pure, unspotted may we be,
Let us see our full salvation,
Perfectly secur'd in Thee :

Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place.
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

179

PSALM LXIII.

S. M.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
 This joy — to call Thee mine;
 And let my early cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
 Thy mercy doth implore;
 Not travellers in desert lands
 Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford:
 No joy can be compar'd to this —
 To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 Since Thou hast been my help,
 To Thee my spirit flies;
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps:
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And He supports my steps.

181

My son, give me, &c. Prov. xxlii. 26.

C. M.

- 1 OH! for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me;—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,

- Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;—
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ; —
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

184

PSALM CXIX.

C. M.

- 1 Oh that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands —
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

185 *I will put thee in, &c.* Exod. xxxiii. 22.

6.78

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgment-throne, —
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

189 *God that performeth, &c.* Ps. lvi. 2.

C. M.

- 1 Thou boundless source of ev'ry good,
 Our best desires fulfil;
 And help us to adore thy grace,
 And mark thy sov'reign will.

- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod
- 4 In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,—
A mind at peace with Thee.
- 5 Do Thou direct our steps aright ;
Help us thy name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.
- 6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care ;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

191

PSALM LXVII.

S. M.

- 1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord ! combine
To praise thy glorious name.

- 4 Oh let them shout and sing
 With joy and holy mirth !
 For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

10. PRAISE.

195 *He is King of kings, &c.* Rev. xvii. 14. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the great Emmanuel's name!
 Ye angels, prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye realms of every tongue and name,
 Ye nations great and small,
 Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

196 *The song of Moses, &c.* Rev. xv. 3. S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue :
Let every meaner joy depart,
And grace inspire the song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear Him say —
“ Ye blessed children, come : ”
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.
- 6 Soon shall th' enraptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

198 *Worthy is the Lamb.* Rev. v. 12. 6. 4. P. M.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,
Publish through earth abroad,
Jesus's fame :
Tell what his love has done ;
Trust in his Name alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears,
Dry up your mournful tears ;
Swell the glad theme .
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

- 2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid ;
 Let crowns without number encircle his head ;
 Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
 Be ascrib'd evermore by angels of light.
 Come, saints, and adore Him, &c.

201 PSALM XCV. S. M., with chorus.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King.
 Praise ye the Lord. *Hallelujah.*
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The wat'ry worlds are his alone,
 And his the solid ground. Praise, &c.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord ;
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 He form'd us by his word. Praise, &c.
- 4 To-day obey his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come as the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God. Praise, &c.

203 *What shall I, &c.* Ps. cxvi. 12, 13. C. M.

- 1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
 What can I bring Him forth ?
 My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
 For all He has bestow'd,
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
 So wretched and so poor,
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask Him still for more.

204

Praise ye the Lord. Ps. cxvii.

L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, &c.

207

Sing praises unto our, &c. Ps. xlvii. 6.

6.7

1 GLORY, glory to our King!
 Crowns unfading wreath his head;
 Let us all unite to sing
 Jesus risen from the dead;
 He is conqu'ror o'er the grave!
 Mighty to redeem and save!

2 Now behold Him high enthron'd,
 Mercy beaming from his face;
 By adoring angels own'd
 God of holiness and grace;
 O that all the world would sing
 Glory, glory to our King!

- 3 Jesus, on thy people shine,
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues;
 May we with the bless'd combine,
 Share their joy, and swell their songs;
 Thee we gratefully adore:
 Praise be thine for evermore.

208 *Grace, grace unto it. Zech. iv. 7.* S. M.

- 1 GRACE! tis a joyful sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days:
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

210 PSALM CXLVI. 113th M

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:

His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

1 I WILL praise Thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away ;
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength ;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

3 Praise ye then his glorious name ;
Publish his exalted fame ;
Still his worth your praise exceeds ;
Excellent are all his deeds.

4 Raise again the joyful sound ;
Let the nations roll it round ;
Zion shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in Thee.

214 *Nevertheless I am not, &c.* 2 Tim. i. 12. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of Thee?
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus!—Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh may this my glory be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

215 *None other name, &c.* Acts iv. 12. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy saving name,
'Tis music to mine ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are vanity,
And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 All that my largest thoughts can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 And, dying, glory in thy love,
 The antidote of death.

216

Praise ye the Lord. Ps. cxlii. 1.

8.7.7.

- 1 LET us sing, for we have reason;
 Let us join with those above;
 Praise is never out of season;
 Let us praise the God of love.
 We have cause, indeed, to sing,
 Jesus is our glorious King.
- 2 When we reach the full enjoyment,
 Of the state where sorrows end;
 Praise will be our sweet employment.
 We shall praise the sinner's Friend;
 Him who wash'd us with his blood,
 Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God.
- 3 But how diff'rent then our praises,
 From the thanks we render now!
 Well our coldness may amaze us,
 When we think how much we owe:
 But no coldness will remain
 When that glorious state we gain.
- 4 Yet our Lord accepts our praises;
 Offer'd while we sojourn here;
 He on whom th' archangel gazes
 With delight and holy fear,
 Hears his people when they sing,
 And accepts the praise they bring.

217

Praise is comely. Ps. cxlvii. 1.

78.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King;
 Meet in ev'ry time and place
 To rehearse his solemn praise.

- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,
Angels, help the solemn sound;
Publish through the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to Thee we give;
Gracious, Thou our thanks receive;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'rywhere be Thou ador'd.

218

Whom having not, &c. 1 Peter i. 8.

C. M.

- 1 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to Thee.
- 2 I love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself I see;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endur'd for me.
- 3 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.
- 4 Thou would'st like wretched man be made
In ev'ry thing but sin,
That we as like Thee might become
As we unlike had been.
- 5 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In ev'ry beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory chang'd,
As we behold thy face.
- 6 O Lord! I'll treasure in my soul
The mem'ry of thy love,
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove

220

PSALM CXLV.

L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 May ev'ry hour successive bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And by thy grace accepted be
My works of love perform'd for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth shall be my constant theme,
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

221

PSALM LXXI.

C. M.

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end —
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy grace at first
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 When I am fill'd with sore distress,
Under my load of sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 4 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

222

PSALM CIV.

104th M.

- 1 MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his
name,
With majesty cloth'd, with honour and might;
O Lord, let our praises thy greatness pro-
claim, [light!
Whose throne is in heaven, whose robe is the
- 2 As curtains, the sky Thou spreadest out wide;
Within the great deep thy chambers retire;
The clouds are thy chariots; on winds Thou
dost ride;
Thine angels are spirits; thy ministers fire.
- 3 How manifold, Lord, the works Thou hast
wrought!
In earth and in heaven thy glory we see :
Thy wisdom and riches surpass all our
thought;
Such wisdom as only belongeth to Thee.
- 4 By angels in heaven, of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd
(As it has been, now is, and always shall be)
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest.

224

Let us exalt, &c. Ps. xxxiv. 3.

7s.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud the Saviour's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
While to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, refrain your tears;
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears;

- See the guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome all by sin oppress,
 Welcome all to Jesu's rest,
 Who descended from above,
 Prompted by redeeming love.
- 5 He subdued th' infernal powers,
 His insulting foes, and ours:
 These He from their empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your tribute bring;
 Strike aloud each joyful string:
 Saints below, and saints above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

- 1 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
 His grace to thee proclaim,
 And all that is within me join
 To bless his holy name.
 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
 His mercies bear in mind,
 Forget not all his benefits:
 The Lord to thee is kind.
- 2 He will not always chide;
 He will with patience wait:
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.
 He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath,
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 He clothes thee with his love,
 Upholds thee with his truth,
 And like the eagle He renews
 The vigour of thy youth.

Then bless his holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul.

226

My spirit hath, &c. Luke i. 47.

C. M

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
 The great Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of our God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 And sets the pris'ners free:
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks; and, list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The broken contrite hearts rejoice;
 The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear Him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 6 Look unto Him, ye nations;—own
 Your God, ye fallen race;
 Be justified through faith alone;
 Be sav'd by sovereign grace.

228

PSALM CVI.

L. M

- 1 OH! render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love,
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love his perfect will,
And all his righteous laws fulfil.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

- 1 PRAISE, oh praise ! the name divine,
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine ;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let each tongue, and let each chord,
Praise the name of Jacob's Lord ;
Let his acts and power supreme,
To your songs suggest a theme.
- 3 Be the harp no longer mute ;
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute ;
Wake to life each tuneful string ;
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.
- 4 Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest notes to raise ;
And the cymbal's varying sound
From the vaulted roof rebound.
- 5 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ ;
And in one great chorus join ; —
Praise, oh praise ! the name divine.

232

PSALM CXLVIII.

8s. 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him all ye stars and light.
- 2 Praise the Lord ; for He hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws that never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ; for He is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious ,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim,
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

233

All nations shall call, &c. Ps. lxxii. 17. S. M.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name :
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glories by,
And shame and death endur'd,
That guilty rebels, doom'd to die,
From wrath might be secur'd.
- 3 And now He pleading stands
Before his Father's throne,
And satisfies the law's demands
With what Himself hath done.
- 4 The Holy Ghost He sends,
Our stubborn wills to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

- 5 Oh ! may we not refuse
Such rich unbounded grace,
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
But seek the Saviour's face.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No : the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;

- All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, his cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high."
 Lord, unloose my falt'ring tongue;
 Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That He might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in my room;
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No: I must my praises bring,
 Worthless though they are, and weak;
 For, should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 Oh! my Saviour, shield, and sun,
 Lord and master, brother, friend, —
 Ev'ry precious name in one, —
 May I love Thee to the end.

237

PSALM XCII.

Double 7s

- 1 THOU who art enthron'd above,
 Thou by whom we live and move,
 Oh how sweet, with joyful tongue,
 To resound thy praise in song!
 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 All thy favours to rehearse,
 And give thanks in grateful verse.
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
 When devotion fills the breast,
 When we dwell within thy house,
 Hear thy word and pay our vows,
 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
 Fill its courts with joyful praise;
 With repeated hymns proclaim
 Great Jehovah's awful name.

- 3 From thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise !
Who thy wonders can declare ?
How profound thy counsels are !
Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
Grateful fervours still inspire ;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

238

PSALM XXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh ! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh ! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

239

PSALM XCV.

L. M.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

- 2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank Him for his favours past;
To Him address, with joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
The strength of hills at his command.
- 4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with rev'rence fall,
And on the Lord our maker call.

240 *The only wise God.* Jude 24, 25. S. M.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His conduct, and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

241

PSALM CVII.

148th M.

- 1 WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat,
His goodness and his ways
Through all the earth repeat:
His mercy rose ere time was known,
And from his throne eternal flows.
- 2 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
To you the strains belong;
His boundless grace record,
In a triumphal song:
That mercy tell, whose power display'd
Your ransom paid from death and hell.
- 3 He bade his light arise,
And sent his gospel forth:
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north:
His mighty grace its power imparts,
And willing hearts his truth embrace.
- 4 Oh, then, that men would raise
Their tribute to his name,
Would speak Jehovah's praise,
His goodness to proclaim,
His wonders show, and deeds of grace,
Which to our race abundant flow!

243

PSALM CXIII.

104th M.

- 1 YE servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious and reigns over all
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh; his presence we have
The great congregation his triumph shall sing
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
 The praises of Jesus all angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the
 Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him his right;
 All glory, and power, and wisdom, and
 might;
 All honour and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

VII. The Church of Christ.

244 *Glorious things, &c.* Ps. lxxxvii. 3. 8s. 7s.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode;
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou art safe from all thy foes.
- 2 Here the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all dread of want remove:
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows, their thirst t' assuage?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour, if in Zion's city
 Thou record our worthless name,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 We may well endure the shame;

Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show:
 Solid joy and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

246

PSALM CXXII.

C. M.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 "In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church, adorn'd with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest.
- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

251

We, being many, &c. 1 Cor. x. 17.

C. M.

- 1 THE saints on earth, and those above,
 But one communion make;
 Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him:
 One church, above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream —
 The narrow stream — of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;

Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Second **251** *Thro' much tribulation.* Acts xiv. 22. P. M.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hands and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, in grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour,
The love divine that made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

- 4 By faith we see the glory
 To which Thou shalt restore us,
 The shame despise, for that high prize
 Which Thou hast set before us.
 And, if Thou count us worthy,
 We each, with dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
 To call us up to heaven.

253

Awake, O arm, &c. Isa. li. 9.

L. M.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
 Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
 And let the world adoring see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah, God alone:"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
 (Vain sacrifice for human guilt);
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flow'd from Jesu's side.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend;
 Let Mahomet's imposture end:
 Break superstition's papal chain,
 And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- 5 Let Zion's time of favour come:
 Oh bring the tribes of Israel home!
 And let our wond'ring eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.
- 6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
 In ev'ry clime, of every name;
 Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

255 *As birds flying, so, &c.* Isaiah xxxi. 5. L. M.

- 1 As birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them,
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."
- 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This favour'd object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son!
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom He calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieg'd on ev'ry side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well,
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair;
This city hath a sure defence;
Her name is call'd "The Lord is there,"
And who has power to drive Him thence?

VIII. *Fasts.*

1. LENT.

256 *My hope is in thee, &c.* Ps. xxxix. 7. C. M.

- 1 O LORD! turn not thy face away
From them who prostrate lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful lives
With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To all who mourn their sin,
Oh! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

- 3 Thou know'st, O Lord! what things be past,
And all the things that be;
Thou know'st also what is to come:
Nothing is hid from Thee.
- 4 We come, Lord, to thy throne of grace,
Where mercy does abound,
Desiring mercy for our sin,
To heal our sin's deep wound.
- 5 O Lord! we need not to repeat
What we do beg and crave;
For Thou dost know before we ask
The thing which we would have.
- 6 Mercy, O Lord! mercy we ask:
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer:
Oh let thy mercy come!

- 1 By thy birth and early years;
By thy griefs, and sighs, and tears;
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy vict'ries in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 2 By thy woe intensely great,
Agony, and bloody sweat;
By thy robe and crown of scorn,
Rudely offer'd, meekly worn;
By the scandal and the shame
Cast upon thy honour'd name;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.

- 3 By thy passion, cross, and cries;
 By thy perfect sacrifice;
 By thy power from death to save;
 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
 Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
 Giver of the Holy Ghost,
 Look on us with pitying eye,
 Hear and spare us when we cry.

2. PASSION WEEK.

258

Jesus went before, &c. Mark x. 32.

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour! what a noble flame
 Was kindled in his breast,
 When steadfast tow'rd Jerusalem
 His urgent way He press'd!
- 2 Good-will to man, and zeal for God,
 His holy soul engross:
 He longs to be baptiz'd in blood;
 He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
 Forth to the work his spirit flew;
 'Twas love which urg'd Him on.
- 4 Lord, we return Thee what we can;
 Our hearts shall sound abroad
 Salvation to the dying man,
 And to the rising God.
- 5 And, while thy bleeding glories here
 Engage our wond'ring eyes,
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

259

The fellowship of his, &c. Phil. iii. 10.

67s.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;

Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from his griefs away;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of Life arraign'd;
 Oh the wormwood and the gall!
 Oh the pangs his soul sustain'd!
 Shun not suff'ring, shame, nor loss,
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete:
 "It is finish'd!" hear the cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay;
 All is solitude and gloom;
 Who hath taken Him away?
 Christ is ris'n! — He meets our eyes!
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

261

To receive glory, &c. Rev. iv. 11:

8. 7. 4.

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross,
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserv'd by us: [glows.
 Sound his glory, while the soul with transport

2 Jesu's love is love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end;
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend;
 Praise the Saviour; magnify the sinner's friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, "Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb:"
 Saints and angels, give ye glory to his name.

262

Christ hath once, &c. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

C. M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song,
 Oh! may his love (immortal flame)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Forsook the realms of bliss,
 And came as man to bleed and die:
 Was ever love like this?
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man (O miracle of grace!)
 For sinful man He bled.
- 4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Inspire each heart and tongue,
 All nations know thy saving name,
 And join the sacred song.

263

They shall mourn, &c. Zech. xii. 10.

8s. 7s.

- 1 O! MY Lord, I've often mused
 On thy wondrous love to me,
 How I have the same abused,
 Slighted, disregarded Thee.
- 2 But unwearied love pursu'd me,
 Still thy calls repeated came,
 Till on Calvary's mount I view'd Thee,
 Bearing my reproach and shame.

- 3 I no more at Mary wonder,
 Dropping tears upon the grave,
 Earnest asking all around her,
 Where is He that died to save ?
- 4 Dying love her heart attracted ;
 Soon she felt his rising power ;
 He who Mary thus affected,
 Bids his mourners weep no more.

3. GOOD FRIDAY.

265

Christ died for the, &c. Rom. v. 6.

C. M.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for sins that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 So be my boastings silenc'd too,
 And humbled be my pride ;
 When faith holds out before my view
 The Saviour crucified.
- 5 But neither tears nor zeal can pay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

266

The cross of our Lord, &c. Gal. vi. 14.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,

- My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

267

It is finished, &c. John xix. 30.

8 7. 4.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
"It is finish'd;" Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finish'd." Oh what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
"It is finished." Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finish'd what our God had promis'd:
Death and hell no more need awe. [draw.
"It is finish'd." Saints, from hence your comfort
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Immanuel's name:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
"It is finish'd." Glory to the bleeding Lamb

5 Ye on earth who humbly call him
 Your beloved, and your friend,
 Highest raise your grateful voices,
 Yours these blessings without end.
 "It is finish'd." On his grace and power depend

269

Behold the Lamb, &c. John i. 36.

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
 Thy burdens on the tree;
 He died the captives to restore,
 His blood was shed for thee.
- 2 Look to Him till the sight endears
 The Saviour to thy heart;
 His pierced feet bedew with tears,
 Nor from his cross depart.
- 3 Look to Him till his dying love
 Thy ev'ry thought control;
 Its vast constraining influence prove
 O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to Him, as the race you run,
 Your never-failing friend;
 He will complete the work begun,
 And grace in glory end.

270

The Lord hath laid, &c. Isa. liii. 6. Double 8.7

- 1 HAIL, Thou once-despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean king!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring;
 Hail, thou agonising Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given through thy name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid:
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

4. PUBLIC FAST.

275 *O Lord, hear, &c.* Dan. ix. 19. 8s. 7s.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend;
 Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesu's blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression;
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save thy people from oppression;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

277

Turn ye even to me, &c. Joel ii. 12.

L.

- 1 WHILE through our guilty land, O Lord!
 Thine awful judgments are abroad;
 Oh! whither shall the helpless fly?
 To whom but Thee direct their cry?
- 2 The contrite sinner's cries and tears,
 O Lord! have often reach'd thine ears;
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On Thee our cov'nant God we call;
 Before thy throne of grace we fall;
 And is there no deliverance there?
 And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
 To our forsaken God we turn:
 Oh! spare our guilty country, spare
 The church which Thou hast planted here
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
 Thy gracious promises we plead;
 O send us help in time of need!
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
 Have brought ten thousand blessings down
 On guilty lands in helpless woe;
 Let them prevail to save us too.

5. EMBER WEEKS.

279 *Feed the flock, &c.* 1 Pet. v. 2. C. M.

- 1 CHIEF shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free ;
May ev'ry under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 In flame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

IX. Festivals.

1. THE LORD'S DAY.

280 *Remember the sabbath day.* Exod. xx. 8. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul ; enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh ! that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

282

The first day of the week. Acts xx. 7.

C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D day of God, how calm, how bright
A day of joy and praise;
The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight,
The first and best of days.
- 2 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead;
And, as a conqueror, his foes
In glorious triumph led.
- 3 This day believers doth enrich;
May grace rest on them all;
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.
- 4 As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

284

I was in the Spirit, &c. Rev. i. 10.

L. M.

- 1 How welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile!
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
Or with afflictions daily fed;
It makes amends if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.
- 4 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they the Saviour oft have met;

And, while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

5 We thank Thee for thy day, O Lord!
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thy hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

85

There remaineth, &c. Heb. iv. 9.

L. M.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Now met to pray and bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
Oh that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From ev'ry mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues,—

5 No rude alarm of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

6 Oh! long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep thy counsels! how divine! /
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refin'd my heart:
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd, or wish'd, below;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;

Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne:

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace—
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

288

Seek ye my face, &c. Ps. xxvii. 8.

C. M.

1 To-day God bids his people rest;
To-day He showers his grace:
"Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said;
Lord, we will seek thy face.

2 Thee may we serve and please to-day;
Be this our one employ;
No worldly cares, no vain delights,
Disturb our hallow'd joy.

3 Among th' assembly of thy saints
May we be faithful found;
Together join in humble prayer,
And in thy praise abound.

4 Let thy good Spirit help our souls,
With faith thy word to hear:
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find Thee near.

289

A day in thy courts, &c. Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King himself comes near
And feasts his saints to-day;
And we by faith may see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is better than ten thousand days
Spent in the joys of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

290 *Not doing thine own ways.* Isa. lviii. 13. 113th M

- 1 YE vain engrossing thoughts, away:
The Lord demands our hearts this day;
From earthly trifles bids us fly,
And seek the glories of the sky;
We come, O Lord! at thy decree,
To yield our willing hearts to Thee.
- 2 Oft as these sabbath-hours return,
Fresh proofs of mercy we discern,
And joy to see thy grace bestow'd
To light the darkness of our road:
Oh! let that light direct our way
To regions of eternal day.
- 3 Now let our souls in Thee repose
The burden of their wants and woes,
And from thy word new power derive
To keep our feeble faith alive:
Thy blessing, Lord, we long to gain;
Let us not seek thy face in vain.
- 4 While here we dwell, with cares oppress'd,
Few are the hours of perfect rest:

But heaven will all our loss repair,
 Each day will be a sabbath there :
 Lord by the teaching of thy grace
 Prepare us for that holy place.

Second **290** *The evening to rejoice.* Ps. lxxv. 8. 7s.

- 1 **ERE** another sabbath's close,
 Ere again we seek repose,
 Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
 At thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
 For this rest upon our way,
 Thanks to Thee alone be given,
 Lord of earth and King of heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been,
 Mingled every prayer with sin ;
 But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
 By thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
 May thy love our footsteps lead ;
 When our journey here is past,
 May we rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of our joys above ;
 While their steps thy pilgrims bend
 To the rest which knows no end.

2. ADVENT.

291 *He hath visited and, &c.* Luke i. 68. C. M.

- 1 **HARK** the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long :
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release
 In Satan's bondage held ;

The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye long clos'd in night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

293 *Behold thy King cometh. Zech. ix. 9.* C. M.

1 COME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine,
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 While in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

3. CHRISTMAS.

295

Unto you is born, &c. Luke ii. 11. Double 7s.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild, He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, "Desire of Nations," come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Sing we then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King:
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and sins forgiven.

299

Mercy and truth, &c. Ps. lxxxv. 10. 148th M.

- 1 THE long-expected morn
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour, Christ, is born,
And angels sing his birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng;
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.
- 2 Oh! 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues;
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs:
This sacred theme has boundless charms;
It fills, it captivates, it warms.
- 3 Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the wondrous plan:
Where peace and righteousness embrace,
And justice goes along with grace.
- 4 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone:
Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

300

The Desire of all nations, &c. Hag. ii. 7. 8s. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;

Bless'd Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.

- 3 Born thy people to deliver;
Born their Saviour and their King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.
- 5 [Holy Ghost, who without measure
Dwelt in Jesus Christ the Lord,
Shed thy love in thy good pleasure
Now in all our hearts abroad.
- 6 May we triumph in thy favour,
God of mercy, truth, and love ;
Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Lead us to thy courts above.]

301

The word was made, &c. John i. 14.

C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR ! whom this joyful morn
Gave to our world below,
To wand'ring and to danger born,
To weakness, toil, and woe ;—
- 2 Incarnate Word, by ev'ry grief,
By each temptation tried ;
Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
And, to redeem us, died ;—
- 3 If gaily cloth'd and richly fed,
In dang'rous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 But, if it be thy blessed will,
In poverty we pine, «

Make us content, rememb'ring still
A poorer lot was thine.

- 5 Through this world's fickle various scene,
From sin preserve us free;
Like us, Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee.

4. END OF THE YEAR.

303

Commit thy way to, &c. Ps. xxxvii. 5.

S. M.

- 1 LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight
To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 Now through another year,
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here;
"The Lord hath help'd thus far."
- 3 Our state in future years
Since we cannot foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to me."
- 4 Oh! may we ever cast
Our care upon the Lord,
Praise Him for all his mercies past,
And trust his promis'd word.

305

Teach us to number our days. Ps. xc. 12. Dble 7s.

- 1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.
Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own
(Though it brought or promis'd good)
Than the years beyond the flood.

- 2 But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt;
Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
Sins that have the Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by God's unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand;
Who can tell the vast amount
Plac'd above to our account?
- 3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay;
Take, oh! take, our guilt away:
Self-condemn'd, on Thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
If we see another year,
May we spend it in thy fear:
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity.

5. NEW YEAR.

309

Perfect that which, &c. Ps. cxxxviii. 8.

7s.

- 1 BLESS, O Lord! the op'ning year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine;
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the harden'd soul to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins, and look on Thee.
- 3 Where Thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all both old and young,
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy mercy, power, and love.

310 *Oh that thou wouldst, &c. Isa. lxiv. 1. C. M.*

- 1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
Let mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with Thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

6. EPIPHANY.

312 *How beautiful, &c. Isa. lli. 7. S. M.*

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How blessed are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

- 3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light,
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight!
- 4 Make bare thine arm, O Lord!
Thro' all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

313 *Breathe upon these, &c. Ezekiel xxxvii. 9.* 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou mighty King of kings,
Rise with healing in thy wings,
Bare thine arm and ride on high,
Glorious in thy majesty.
- 2 North and south, and east and west,
All are waiting to be blest;
Come and bless them, Prince of peace,
Give their fetter'd souls release.
- 3 Thus shall earth's extended frame
Swell the trophies of thy name,
And redeemed souls confess
"Jesus is our righteousness."
- 4 Saviour, send thy Spirit down,
By his work thy pleasure crown;
If He breathe not on the slain,
All our efforts are in vain.

314 *Fellow heirs, and of the same body. Eph. iii. 6.* 8s. 7s.

- 1 HAIL! Thou source of ev'ry blessing
Sov'reign Father of mankind;
Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,
In thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In thy church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold thy glory,
Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.

- 2 Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach thy sacred throne :
 In thy covenant united,
 Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.
 Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
 See the star of mercy shine !
 Myst'ry hid in former ages,
 Myst'ry great of love divine.
- 3 Hail ! Thou all inviting Saviour ;
 Gentiles now their off' rings bring :
 In thy temple seek thy favour,
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to thy praise,
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

7. EASTER.

318

He is risen. Mark xvi. 6.

78

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, *Hal.*
 Sons of men, and angels, say :
 Raise your songs and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
 Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
 Once He died, our souls to save ;
 Where's thy victory. O grave ?

- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Foll'wing our exalted Head:
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

319 *As Christ was raised up.* Rom. vi. 4. C. M.

- 1 WHEN Christ, victorious from the grave,
 Ascended up on high,
 He gave to all his saints a pledge
 That they should never die.
- 2 Though for a time they sleep in dust,
 Each resting in his bed,
 Soon the archangel's trump shall sound,
 And call them from the dead.
- 3 United to their risen Lord
 By true and living faith,
 They that are Christ's will persevere,
 Obedient unto death.
- 4 For them, unworthy as they are,
 Against that joyful day,
 A crown of glory is reserv'd,
 That fadeth not away.

320 *Thou hast led, &c.* Ps. lxxviii. 18. 148th M

- 1 THE happy morn is come;
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save:
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them
 For whom their surety died?
 Who now shall those condemn
 Whom God hath justified?
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
 The glorious work is done;
 On Him our help is laid;
 By Him our vict'ry won:
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

8. ASCENSION.

325

PSALM XLVII.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sov'reign King!
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
 His heavenly guards around
 Attend Him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honour sing;
 O'er all the earth He reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
 Let knowledge lead the song;
 Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 [In Israel stood his ancient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race;
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And Britons taste his grace.]

326

In all their affliction, &c. Isa. lxiii. 9.

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord who once on Calv'ry bled,
 And rose triumphant from the dead,
 Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
 The Friend of man's apostate race.

- 2 There as our Advocate He reigns,
 Touch'd with the feeling of our pains;
 And still remembers in the skies
 His tears, and groans, and agonies.
- 3 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 This man of sorrows bears a part;
 In all our grief, our grief he shares,
 And rescues us from Satan's snares.
- 4 Oh, let us then, before his throne,
 With boldness make our sorrows known;
 And seek, from fears distrustful freed,
 His grace to help in time of need.

9. WHIT-SUNDAY.

327

When he is come. John xvi. 8.

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
 All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
 Then lead to Jesu's blood;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
 And new-create the whole.
- 5 If Thou, celestial Dove,
 Thine influence withdraw,
 What easy victims soon we fall
 To conscience, wrath, and law!

- 6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives; and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.
- 7 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

328 *The Spirit also helpeth, &c.* Rom. viii. 26. 8s. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart;
Purchase of the Saviour's merit,
Now thy strength to us impart.
- 2 Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for Thee.
- 3 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till we Israel's blessings share,
And thy grace Thou dost bestow,
- 4 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and ardent love impart:
Present, everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art.

329 *Abound in hope, &c.* Rom. xv. 13. 8. 7. 4

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night:
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light:
Raise us sinners, from the power of sin and
death.

- 2 · Hear, oh! hear, our supplication,
 Blessed Spirit, God of peace;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Great distributor of grace:
 May we ever feel and own thy heavenly sway.
- 3 Author of our new creation,
 Bid us all thine influence prove;
 Make our souls thy habitation;
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love;
 Heavenly teacher, guide and bless us all our
 days.

10. TRINITY SUNDAY.

335

Blessed be his, &c. Ps. lxxii. 19.

148th M.

- 1 To God the Father yield
 Immortal praise and love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And all our hopes above;
 He sent his own eternal Son,
 To die for sins which man had done.
- 2 To God th' eternal Son
 Let praise immortal flow,
 Who bought us with his blood,
 Who saves from endless woe:
 And now on high He lives and reigns,
 And sees the fruits of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Holy Ghost
 Immortal honours give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Can make the dead to live:
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Immortal praise to Thee,
 O Father, Spirit, Son,

The undivided Three,
 The great mysterious One
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

336 *Blessed be thy glorious, &c. Neh. ix. 5. L. M.*

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
 Forth from whose wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
 Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore,
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Unfathom'd, and without a shore.

11. PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

338 *National thanksgiving, &c. 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. 8. 7.*

- 1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
 Hear us from thy bright abode,
 While our hearts, with deep devotion,
 Own their great and gracious God :
 Now with joy we come before Thee,
 Seek thy face—thy mercies sing :
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Guard thy church, and guide our queen.

2 Health and ev'ry needful blessing
 Are thy bounteous gifts alone ;
 Comforts undeserv'd possessing,
 Here we bend before thy throne :
 Young and old do now before thee
 Their united tribute bring ;
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Shield our isle, and save our queen.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
 Lord, we praise for mercies past ;
 Still to this most favour'd nation
 May those mercies ever last :
 Britons, then, shall still before Thee
 Songs of ceaseless praises sing :
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Bless thy people—bless our queen.

340

PSALM CL.

L. M.

1 OH ! praise the Lord in that blest place
 From whence his goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in heaven, where He his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise Him for all his mighty acts,
 Which He in our behalf has done :
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath He does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ ;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

341

PSALM CXXXVI.

7s.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind,—

For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath with a piteous eye
Look'd upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

12. SAINT'S DAY.

343 *Compass'd about with, &c. Heb. xii. 1. C. M.*

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

- 3 It was by grace their vict'ry came ;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the way our Saviour trod ;
His Spirit fill'd their breast ;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
They reach'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

344

The saints in light. Col. i. 12.

C. M.

- 1 How bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high ;
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 5 The Saviour still will feed his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God, Himself, from every eye,
Shall wipe off every tear.

X. The Sacraments.

1. BAPTISM.

349 *He shall gather the lambs.* 1s. xl. 11. C. M.

- 1 Lo ! Israel's gracious shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms :
Behold, He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them to his arms.
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of Glory came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

350 *Suffer the little, &c.* Matt. xix. 14. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, kind, inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word,
And in earliest infancy
Bring our little ones to Thee.
- 2 Born they are, as we, in sin,
Make th' unconscious lepers clean ;
Purchase of thy blood they are,
Let them all thy blessings share.

351 *Forbid them not.* Mark x. 14. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee ;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
And let these little infants be
Baptiz'd into thy death.
- 2 Oh ! let thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew ;

And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 Lord, if Thou lengthen out their race,
Continue still thy care;
And, should'st Thou quickly end their days,
Their place with Thee prepare.

4 Thy faithful servants let them prove,
Begirt with truth divine;
And sharers in thy dying love,
And followers of thine.

5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

352 *He shall carry the lambs, &c. Isa. xl. 11.* 7s.

1 WELCOME to the Saviour's breast,
Children of the Saviour's love:
By Him may they now be bless'd;
From Him never, never rove.

2 We baptize them at thy word;
Wash their souls from sin's deep stain,
And in thy compassion, Lord,
Grant them to be born again.

353 *Suffer the little children, &c. Mark x. 14.* C. M.

1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to Thee;
Let them thy cov'nant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below:
To us, and ours, O God of grace!
The same compassion show.

- 3 In early days their hearts secure
 From worldly snares, we pray;
 And let them to the end endure
 In ev'ry righteous way.
- 4 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
 In holy faith and fear;
 And then to heaven our souls remove,
 And bring our children there.

2. LORD'S SUPPER.

(1.) ADMISSION TO THE COMMUNION AFTER CONFIRMATION.

355 *Receive ye one another, &c. Rom. xv. 7. L. M.*

- 1 COME in, beloved in the Lord,
 Enter in Jesu's precious name;
 We welcome you with one accord,
 And trust our Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford
 We hope in fellowship to prove;
 Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And, while we pass the vale of tears,
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known,
 Will share each other's hopes and fears,
 And count a brother's cares our own.

(2.) CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

357 *Eat, O friends. Cant. v. 1. L. M.*

- 1 LORD Jesus, is thy table spread?
 And doth thy cup with love o'erflow;
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy bounty know.
- 2 [Why is the sacred food in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?]

- 3 Oh, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
May ev'ry soul salvation see
Who here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Let crowds approach with hearts sincere,
With humble faith before Thee bend;
And, having felt thy presence here,
Let not the joy nor profit end.
- 5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
Bid all our drooping graces live,
More of that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

358

See that ye refuse not. Heb. xii. 25.

88.78.

- 1 HAST Thou, holy Lord, Redeemer,
Left for man this pledge of love,
Thee to honour, to remember,
When enthron'd in light above?
- 2 Didst Thou quit for him thy glory,
Sojourn in a vale of tears,
Realize that bitter story
Prophesied by holy seers?
- 3 Didst Thou, pierc'd with keenest anguish,
Close the great, the gracious, plan,
Guiltless suffer, guiltless languish,
To deliver guilty man?
- 4 And shall the redeem'd, ungrateful,
Hostile to a Saviour's views,
Sunk in sin and pleasures hateful,
This thy dearest pledge refuse?
- 5 Search, O Lord! and cleanse and save us;
Heal us by thy power divine;
Burst the bonds that here enslave us,
That we may be wholly thine.

- 6 Thus may we, secur'd from sadness,
 All with joy and peace believe,
 Feed on Thee with faith and gladness,
 And thy cup of grace receive.

359

Come thou south, &c. Cant. iv. 16.

C. M.

- 1 To-DAY the Lord of hosts invites
 Unto a costly feast;
 Oh what a privilege is this,
 To be my Saviour's guest!
- 2 Worldly distractions, stay behind,
 Below the mount abide,
 Be no disturbance to my mind,
 Nor make my Saviour chide.
- 3 While Thou dost at thy table sit,
 Thy Spirit send from heaven,
 To breathe on me, and summon forth
 The graces Thou hast given.
- 4 Awake, repentance, faith, and love,
 Awake, oh! ev'ry grace:
 Come, come, attend this glorious King,
 And bring me near his face.

360

Thou preparest a table, &c. Ps. xxiii. 5. 8s. 7s

- 1 ISRAEL's shepherd, guide me, feed me,
 Through my pilgrimage below;
 And beside the waters lead me,
 Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Oh how sweet, how comfortable,
 In the wilderness to see
 Rich provisions, and a table
 Spread for sinners, spread for me!
- 3 Here thy bounty still partaking,
 In these signs of bread and wine,

Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine.

- 4 In his bruised body broken,
In the shedding of his blood,
See, my soul, a gracious token,
Sure and full for ev'ry good.
- 5 To his cross for refuge flying,
Arm thee for the strife within;
There from thy Redeemer, dying,
Learn the sinfulness of sin.
- 6 Cleans'd, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
By his matchless love and power;
Hear him say (no longer harden'd)
"Go in peace, and sin no more."

362 *To save that which, &c. Luke xix. 10.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
How great the love, that even we
Should find a welcome place!
- 2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That those so lost have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
- 3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

363 *I beheld a Lamb, &c. Rev. v. 6.* 7s. 6s.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recal to mind,
Send thine answer from above,
And let us mercy find:

Let our cry ascend to Thee,
 And ev'ry burden'd soul release;
 Oh! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds and set us free,
 From all iniquity release;
 Oh! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
 Let sinners pardon feel;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
 Oh! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?

- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God! my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!
Yes, while a pulse or breath remains
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb
And thought and mem'ry flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

365 *He humbled himself.* Phil. ii. 8. C. M.

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
The sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love, so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its saving power to me?
- 4 What glad returns can I impart
For favours so divine?
Oh! take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

367 *Show the Lord's death, &c.* 1 Cor. xi. 26. 6-7s.

- 1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
Breaking bread by his command,

To the world we thus proclaim
 On what ground we hope to stand,
 When the Lord shall come with clouds
 Join'd by heaven's exulting crowds.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw;
 'Tis the sinner's bless'd resource:
 Jesus magnified the law;
 Jesus bore its awful curse:
 What a glorious truth is this!
 Oh! how full of joy and peace!
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose;
 Yes, He rose, He lives, He reigns;
 Jesus vanquish'd all his foes;
 Jesus led them all in chains:
 His the triumph and the crown;
 His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of Him who died;
 Sing of Him who rose again:
 By his blood we're justified,
 And with Him we hope to reign:
 Soon we hope to see our Lord,
 And to share his bright reward.

370 *We will remember thy, &c.* Cant. i. 4.

C. M.

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn
 To feel a friend is nigh;—
- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died our fears to quell,
 And save from endless woe?
- 3 While yet in anguish He survey'd
 Those pangs He would not flee,

What love his latest words display'd,

"Meet, and remember me!"

- 4 Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share;
O mem'ry! leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

371 *We have such, &c.* Heb. viii. 1.

C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And still, in glory, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

XI. Ordinances.

1. ORDINATION.

373 *He shall give you, &c.* John xiv. 16. 112th M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart;
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

- 2 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight;
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of thy grace;
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home,
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee of both to be but One;
 That, through the ages all along,
 This still may be our endless song;
 Praise to thy eternal merit,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

2. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

375 *Where two or three, &c. Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.*

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And, going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The glories of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

- 5 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make the sinner's heart thine own.

376

Worship God in the, &c. Phil. iii. 3.

7s.

- 1 In thy presence we appear;
 Lord, we love to worship here,
 When, within the veil we meet
 Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou through Christ art reconcil'd,
 Each in Him is own'd thy child;
 Abba, Father, give us grace
 In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue:
 Then our joyful souls shall bless
 Thee, "The Lord, our Righteousness."
- 4 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
 Let thine ear in love attend;
 Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads:
 Hear; for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While thy word is heard with awe,
 And we tremble at thy law,
 Let thy gospel's wond'rous love
 Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.
- 6 While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon through thy name,
 In their voices let us own
 Jesus speaking from the throne.
- 7 From thy house when we return,
 Let our hearts within us burn;
 That, at evening, we may say—
 "We have walk'd with God to-day."

377 *I will satisfy her poor, &c.* Ps. cxxxii. 15. L. M.

- 1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows;
Behold us waiting to be fed;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And "satisfy her poor with bread."
- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
Athirst and hungry we are come;
Now, from the fulness of thy word,
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

Second 377 *Having heard the, &c.* Luke viii. 15. C. M.

- 1 ONCE more we bow before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
Oh! may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From Heaven in Jesu's name;
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek Thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a plenteous fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake;
Say to the south-wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine!

378

The Spirit of God, &c. 1 Cor. iii. 16.

L. M.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love,
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy gracious power be known.
- 2 Oh! let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

379

Lo! I am with you alway. Matt. xxviii. 20.

7s.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim,
We are gather'd in thy name;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

380

Lo! I am with you, &c. Matt. xxviii. 20. C. M.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love
Our feeble hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may thy gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to thine.

381

Attend upon the Lord, &c. 1 Cor. vii. 35.

L. M.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

382 *God giveth the increase, &c.* 1 Cor. iii. 7. 8. 7. 4.

1 COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed ;
 Let each heart thy grace inherit ;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
 From the gospel, now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh may all enjoy the blessing
 Which thy word's design'd to give !
 Let us all thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive ;
 And for ever to thy praise and glory live.

3 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence with us evermore be found.

4 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey :
 May we ever reign with Christ in endless day.

383 *God is a Spirit.* John iv. 24. C. M.

1 God is a Spirit, just and wise ;
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.

2 In spirit and in truth alone
 We must present our prayer ;
 The formal hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bended knees the ground ;

But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

- 4 Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere,
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

384

Hear Thou in, &c. 1 Kings viii. 30.

L. M.

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest "Follow me."
- 3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, an' fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.
- 5 With Thee, and these, for ever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

Second 384 *I dwell in the high, &c.* Isa. lvii. 15. 6-7s.

- 1 MIGHTY God! the Holy One
Dwelling in eternity;
How shall we approach thy throne!
How may sinners come to thee!

Where thine awful glories blaze
Scarce can holy angels gaze.

2 Yet though high thy dwelling place,
All our thoughts and praise above,
Humble souls may seek thy face,
God of glory, God of love !
Love that comes a heavenly guest
To the contrite sinner's breast.

3 Father ! hear us when we pray,
Saving grace and strength impart,
Wash our inmost guilt away ;
Give the lowly, faithful heart,
Thou, our everlasting Friend,
Guide and bless us to the end.

385

My soul cleaveth, &c. Ps. cxix. 25.

C. M.

1 THOUGH oft we hear the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
How weak in faith we still are found !
How slow to learn thy word !

2 Though we frequent thy holy place,
We seem to come in vain :
So small a portion of thy grace
Our careless hearts retain.

3 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hopes of joys above !
How few affections there !

4 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation on our heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

386

PSALM LXXXIV.

148th M.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode our hearts aspire,
With warm desire to meet our God.
- 2 Oh happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
Oh happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still : thrice happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
To that blest seat, O God, our King,
Direct and bring our willing feet.

387 *God be merciful to us.* Ps. lxvii. 1 Double L. M.

- 1 LORD, cause thy face on us to shine ;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine ;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thy earthly dwelling-place ;
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
And all thy power and glory see,
Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.

- 2 O! King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
 Bid strife among thy subjects cease.
 One is our faith, and one our Lord
 One body, spirit, hope, reward;
 One God and Father of us all,
 On whom thy church and people call:
 Oh! may we one communion be,
 One with each other, one in Thee.
- 3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things:
 Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless:
 Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
 Let many in the judgment day,
 Turn'd from the error of their way,
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
 Save those who preach, and those who hear.

389 *God giveth the increase.* 1 Cor. iii. 7. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
 Like seed into the ground;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove;
 But give it root in ev'ry heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy;
 But let it yield a hundred-fold
 The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
 That all, whose souls thy truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

390 *How amiable are thy, &c.* Ps. lxxxiv. 1. L. M.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh! write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word,
That I may feel their saving power,
And learn to love Thee more and more.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

391 *And blessed them.* Luke xxiv. 50. 8. 7. 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace: [ness.
Lord, revive us, trav'ling through this wilder-

392 *Go in peace.* 1 Samuel i. 17. L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good:
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood:
Give ev'ry troubled soul release;
And bid us all depart in peace.

393

Go in peace. Luke vii. 50.

4. 7. 5.

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
 Shed abroad in ev'ry heart;
 Heavenward as to Thee we go,
 Leaving guilt and fear below,
 Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
 Bid us, Lord, depart.

394

Thy blessing is upon, &c. Ps. iii. 8. 148th M.

ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
 The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow;
 O Lord! th' abundant harvest raise,
 And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

395

They go from, &c. Ps. lxxxiv. 7. 8s. 7s.

MAY each sabbath bring us nearer
 To our glorious rest above;
 And our hopes grow brighter, clearer,
 Till we reach the realms of love.

3. MARRIAGE.

396

Jesus was called to, &c. John ii. 2. C. M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
 To grace a marriage feast,
 O Lord! we ask thy presence here;
 Be Thou our glorious guest.
- 2 Upon thy servants, Lord, look down,
 Who now have join'd their hands;
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow
 Of all rich dowries best;

Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope,
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.

6 That love which Jesus Christ displays
Towards the church, his bride,
Be this, O Lord, thro' all their days
Their pattern and their guide.

4. CONFIRMATION.

397

I will pay my vows. Ps. cxvi. 18.

L.

1 Look down, O Lord! and on our youth
Bestow thy gifts of heavenly grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find in each mind a fruitful place.

2 Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite,
Bid each his heart and life review.

3 The cross that mark'd their infant brow,
May it a faithful emblem prove
That they shall keep that sacred vow,
And walk as children of thy love.

4 Lord, teach them to remember Thee,
Their great Creator, from their youth;
Advancing to maturity,
In years, in knowledge, grace, and truth.

- 5 Now, in the strength of power divine,
 Oh! may they all, with glad accord,
 In holy covenant combine,
 And join themselves to Christ the Lord.
- 6 Thy sons and daughters may they be,
 Confirm'd and strengthen'd by thy grace;
 And, safe through life preserv'd by Thee,
 In heaven behold Thee face to face.

XII. Propagation of the Gospel.

1. REVIVAL AT HOME.

399

God be merciful. Ps. lxxviii. 1.

C. M.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
 With beams of heavenly grace:
 Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
 And show thy gracious face.
- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
 Do Thou our glory stand,
 And, like a wall of guardian fire,
 Surround our favour'd land.
- 3 May God our Saviour scatter round
 His choicest favours here,
 And let creation's utmost bound
 Behold, adore, and fear.
- 4 So let thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad,
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God.

401

Where is the Lord, &c. 2 Kings ii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 OH! for that flame of living fire
 Which shone so bright in saints of old,
 Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
 Calm in distress, in danger bold.

402 PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abra'am's breast, and seal'd him thine,
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt
And glow with energy divine?
- 3 That Spirit which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love and taught thy ways,
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now,
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work, thy grace restore;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise
And teach us how to love Thee more.

402

Awake as in the, &c. Isa. li. 9.

113th M

- 1 LORD, show thy glory, as of old,
The work of heavenly love display;
And let our longing eyes behold
Another pentecostal day:
Our fervent wishes deign to crown,
And send thy quick'ning Spirit down.
- 2 Thou seest, Lord, how far we stray,
Oppress'd with ills we cannot flee;
How sin hath drawn our hearts away
From peace, from happiness, and Thee;
Thy gracious Spirit, Lord, bestow,
And snatch us from the depth of woe.
- 3 Encompass'd with a host of foes,
Our strength is small, our danger nigh;
Where can we find some brief repose,
Or whither for protection fly?

O Lord! thy mighty Spirit send,
Our hearts to strengthen and defend.

- 4 Now let a brighter day begin
Than ever yet was witness'd here;
Bid the dark gath'ring clouds of sin
Before thy presence disappear:
Reign in each heart; in ev'ry place
Set up the empire of thy grace.

2. THE JEWS.

405 *Ye shall seek me, &c.* John vii. 34. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of Abra'am, hear our prayer;
Let Abra'am's seed thy mercy share:
Oh! may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold;
Remember too thy promis'd word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts:
The veil of darkness rend in two
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 4 Oh! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

406 *King over all the earth.* Zec. xiv. 9. 8s. 7s.

- 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious;
He shall reign in endless day.

408 PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Nations, now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.
- 3 Then shall Israel, long dispersed,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod.
- 4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign.

408 *God is able to graft, &c. Rom. xi. 23. L. M.*

- 1 OH! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of heav'n, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?
- 2 O God of Israel! view their race!
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birth-right gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own,
The Lord he crucified, to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

409 *Speak ye comfortably, &c. Isa. xl. 2. 8. 7. 4.*

1 ON the mountain tops appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion long in hostile lands: [bands.

Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well belov'd.

3 Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory;
God himself appears thy friend,
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance, Zion's King vouchsafes to
send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy warfare now is pass'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double;
Days of peace are come at last.
All thy conflicts end in everlasting rest.

410 *For Zion's sake will, &c. Isa. lxi. 1. C. M.*

1 FOR Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace;
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And Judah dwell at ease;

2 Until her righteousness return
As day-break after night;
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

411 PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name.

4 "Go through, go through, prepare the
way,
"The gates-wide open fling;
"With loudest voice let heralds say,
"Behold thy coming King!"

3. HEATHEN.

411 *The acceptable year, &c.* Luke iv. 19. 8. 7. 4

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jubilee! Let thy glorious morning
dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary:

Let the gospel loud resound from pole to pole

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
Let the morning chase the night: [eyes
Chase the darkness from their long benighted

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
So Immanuel's fair dominions
Shall extend and still increase,
Till the kingdoms of the world are all his own

413 *Come over and help us.* Acts xvi. 9. Double 7s. 6s.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

- 1 ON Lord! thine ancient churches spare,
Which still thy name, tho' fallen, bear;
Where once apostles faithful stood,
And seal'd thy truth with martyrs' blood;
- 2 Where now the Turk his power extends,
And vainly to his prophet bends;
There let again thy gospel shine,
With beams all bright, and power divine.
- 3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
Let Israel learn his power to save;
Let Syria see her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.
- 4 Let Nubia's desert hear once more,
The Saviour's voice, his love implore;
Egypt, thy sacred word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.
- 5 O let the dayspring, Lord, arise
On every land beneath the skies;
And earth's dark climes, adoring prove
The heights and depths of pard'ning love.

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise!
In sorrow flow my streaming eyes!
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame,
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name;
The Father wounded through the Son!
The world abus'd, the soul undone!
- 3 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night;

In flames which no abatement know,
Though bitter tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
While fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble mere compassions prove;
Th' uplifted cross the world can move;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn Thou all our grief to joy.

417 *Freely ye have, &c.* Matt. x. 8. 113th M.

1 CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know,
Which soothes the heart in ev'ry woe;
While heathen helpless, hopeless, lie, —
No ray of glory meets their eye:
Oh! give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race:
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hast'ning to the tomb:
To heathen lands that grace convey
Which trains the soul for endless day.

3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleans'd for God:
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell:
Oh! strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

418 *The day-spring, &c.* Luke i. 78. 8. 7. 4.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;

419 PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in ev'ry land: [mand.

Mark his progress; darkness flies at his com-

2 While the foe becomes more daring,

While he enters like a flood,

God the Saviour is preparing

Means to spread his truth abroad:

Ev'ry language soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,

Let thy people see thy hand,

Make the gospel soon victorious,

Through the world, in ev'ry land:

Perish idols, at Jehovah's dread command.

419

PSALM LXXII.

L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings,
And crowds of Indian nations meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,

The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

- 6 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 7 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again;
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

420

Having no hope. Ephes. ii. 12.

L. M.

- 1 THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away:
O! Christians, to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them, ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea life if they may also live:
What hath your Saviour done for *you*?
And now your all to Him is due.
- 3 O! Spirit of the Lord, go forth;
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

422

Go ye into all, &c. Mark xvi. 15.

8. 7. 4.

- 1 MEN of God, go, take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth: [worth.
Bear the tidings of the Saviour's matchless
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save;

426 PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Go where Christ was never named,
 Publish freedom to the slave:
 Blessed freedom, such as Zion's children have.
 3 When expos'd to fears and dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend.
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend;
 And his presence shall be with you to the end.

424 *Let there be light.* Gen. i. 3. 6. 4.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard, and took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And, where the gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray, let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring,
 On thy protecting wing, healing and sight,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Health to the sick in mind;
 Oh! now, to all mankind, let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving holy Dove, speed forth thy flight;
 Move o'er the water's face,
 By thine almighty grace,
 And, in earth's darkest place, let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three,
 Glorious Trinity, Wisdom, Love, Might,
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 O'er the world, far and wide, let there be light.

4. RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

426 *Holding forth the word.* Phil. ii. 16. L. M. (For Bible Societies.)

1 OH! send God's holy book where'er
 Or winds can waft or waters bear;

- Let India's sons its page revere,
Let Afric's land the blessing share.
- 2 Send it to where, expanded wide,
The South Sea rolls its farthest tide;
To ev'ry island's distant shore
Make known the Saviour's grace and power.
- 3 Though scatter'd now from Sion's hill,
And Jordan's bank, and Siloa's rill,
To Israel be repaid their book,
And pray that they to Christ may look.
- 4 May ev'ry suff'ring child of woe
Its truth believe, its comforts know;
May ev'ry hand the treasure hold,
And error's cloud away be roll'd.
- 5 O Holy Ghost! who gave the word,
With thine own truth thy light afford,
Give Thou the quick'ning, saving power,
On all the earth thy blessings shower.

Second 426 *Put in trust with, &c.* 1 Thess. ii. 4. L. M.

(For Religious Book or Tract Societies.)

- 1 Oh! if we know the joyful sound,
And have the only Saviour found,
Shall we not then his saving name
Throughout the earth to all proclaim?
- 2 Allow'd of God, we hold in trust
The gospel light, and it is just
That we our utmost efforts use,
And far and wide this light diffuse.
- 3 All those who in this work preside,
Jesus, by thy good Spirit, guide,
Instruct, direct, control, sustain,
That they thy truth may still maintain.

- 4 While we send forth each little book,
In favour, Lord, upon us look;
Let each its message have from Thee,
To bring some soul thy grace to see.
- 5 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord!
Scatter thy saving truths abroad;
In ev'ry land thy word be sown,
By ev'ry soul the Saviour known.

XIII. *Special Occasions.*

1. INSTITUTION OF A MINISTER.

427

Receive him in the Lord. Phil. ii. 29.

L. M.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted head:
Come as a servant; so He came,
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd:—watch, and keep
His fold from error and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a teacher sent by God,
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare,
Feeding the church He bought with blood.
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fir'd with love,
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

2. VISITATION, OR MEETING OF MINISTERS.

429

Gave gifts unto men. Ephes. iv. 8.

L. M.

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high:
Lord, thine assembled servants bless:

Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

- 2 Within thy temple when we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night on guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
Let us, in hope, our charge resign,
When the good Shepherd shall appear,
That they and we may all be thine.

3. CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

431 *The house of God.* Gen. xxviii. 17. 76.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word—the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

- 4 Hallelujah! earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply,
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

4. QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

432

God save the king. 1 Sam. x. 24

L. M.

- 1 O KING of kings; thy blessing shed
On our anointed sov'reign's head;
And, looking from thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 Her may we honour and obey;
Uphold her right and lawful sway:
Rememb'ring that the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd of Thee.
- 3 Her with thy choicest mercies bless,
To all her counsels give success:
In war, in peace, thine aid be seen, [queen
Thy strength command;—God save th
- 4 And, oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality.

5. FOR OUR COUNTRY.

434

[Nov. 5.] *Who delivered us, &c.* 2 Cor. i. 10. L. M.

- 1 WHILE Britain, favour'd of the skies,
Recals the wonders God hath wrought,
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture ev'ry thought.
- 2 When wicked men combin'd their power,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbad the fatal hour;
Their evil plots in ruin lay.

- 3 Again our restless cruel foes
 Resum'd, avow'd, a fresh design;
 Again to save us God arose.
 And Britain owns the hand divine.
- 4 Such great deliv'rance God has wrought;
 And still the gracious care of Heaven
 Has down to us salvation brought:
 All praise to God, our God, be giv'n.

435 *Not for thy, &c. Deut. ix. 5.* L. M.

- 1 WHY, gracious God, is Britain sav'd?
 Why bless'd with liberty and light?
 Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
 Nor lost in superstition's night?
- 2 Not for our sakes, we conscious own,
 A sinful, vile, ungrateful race;
 'Tis done to make thy glory known,
 To show the wonders of thy grace:
- 3 The wonders of that grace complete;
 Reform this wretched, guilty land;
 Let thankful love beneath thy feet
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand.

436 *Spare thy people, &c. Joel ii. 17.* L. M.

- 1 O! RIGHTEOUS God, Thou judge supreme,
 We tremble at thy glorious name;
 And all our crying guilt we own,
 Humbled before thine awful throne.
- 2 Our land, which oft thine arm hath sav'd,
 That arm most impiously hath brav'd:
 Our land, which still its God hath lov'd,
 Rebellious to that God hath prov'd.
- 3 But hast Thou not a remnant here,
 Whose souls are fill'd with holy fear?

Oh! bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.

- 4 Behold their tears, attend their moan ;
Nor turn away their secret groan :
To theirs we join our humble prayer—
Our country shield, our nation spare.

6. SCHOOLS.

441

I will pour my, &c. Isa. xlv. 3.

C.

- 1 GRACE is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the young it shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 2 Oh! hear, ye young, and heedless ones,
The voice of sov'reign love ;
For you are stain'd with many sins,
But mercy reigns above.
- 3 For you our public prayer is made,
Oh! join yourselves these prayers :
For you the secret tear is shed,
Oh! shed for sin your tears.
- 4 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ; [l
And, while you're young, that each m
Jesus, who died for each.

443

Taught of the Lord. Isa. liv. 13.

L.

- 1 GREAT God, let children to thy throne
Look up, and trust in Thee alone ;
To Thee our health, our lives, belong :
Oh! may we learn thy truth while young
- 2 Teach us the knowledge of thy Son ;
He shows the road which we must run :

It is a thorny path, and yet
It will not hurt our tender feet.

3 Jesus and all his saints have trod,
Unhurt, that narrow, rugged road;
And we, if Jesus be our guide,
Shall have our ev'ry want supplied.

4 He dwells in heaven, and yet below
He sees and knows what children do;
And, when in his dear name they meet,
He sits upon his mercy-seat.

5 Oh may his Spirit now approve
This work of duty and of love!
Oh may his Spirit make us still
Desire and learn to do his will!

444 *Give glory to the Lord. Isa. xlii. 12.*

7s.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

447

Gather the lambs, &c. Isa. xl. 11.

- 1 Out of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the suff'rings Thou didst bear.
- 2 Be our shepherd ev'ry day—
Suffer not thy lambs to stray;
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.
- 3 Thanks to Thee for all the care
That's bestow'd upon us here;
May we evermore to Thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

452

Train up a child, &c. Prov. xxii. 6.

8s. 7

- 1 THE sabbath day is come again,
The best of all the seven;
And we are met, a happy train,
To hear of God and heaven.
- 2 Lord, send thy grace into our hearts,
And through the day be near us,
And make us all fulfil our parts,
With Thee to help and hear us.
- 3 Keep down each vain and sinful thought,
Correct our whole behaviour:
And make us thankful to be taught,
And lead us to our Saviour.

453

He took them up in, &c. Mark x. 16.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose a humble birth;
A man of grief,—like us He trod
A lowly path on earth.

- 2 Like Him may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd!
Their infants in his arms He took,
And on his bosom bless'd.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.
- 5 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.
- 6 Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing;
Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King.

7. CHARITIES.

456

Freely give. Matt. x. 8.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh! may our sympathising breast
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid,

Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthron'd above the skies;
And, when he saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,
Should love each other too.

457 *Ye have done it unto Me.* Matt. xxv. 40. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
Ne'er shall we count the matchless sum;
Ne'er pay the mighty debt.
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine:
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them Thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,
And visited, and cheer'd:
And in their accents of distress
The Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
And by true charity would prove
That we are own'd of Thee.

460

Freely ye have, &c. Matt. x. 8.

L. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord! with cheerful hearts,
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A lib'ral portion to the poor.
- 2 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have receiv'd from Thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 3 And while we thus obey thy word,
And ev'ry call of want relieve,
Oh! may we find it, gracious Lord,
More bless'd to give than to receive.

8. CONSECRATION OF A HOSPITAL.

461

I will have mercy, &c. Matt. ix. 13.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wander'd here;
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness rear'd her fainting head.
- 2 With bounding steps, the halt and lame,
To hail their great deliv'rer, came:
O'er the cold grave, He bow'd his head:
He spake the word, and rais'd the dead.
- 3 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;
And, where He gives the power, dispense
The gifts of true benevolence.
- 4 His love constrains our willing mind
A refuge for distress to find,
Where helpless poverty and woe
May friends, and home, and comfort know.

5 And Thou, great God, whose sov'reign
breath

Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favour'd mansion deign to bless;
The cause is thine—send Thou success.

9. IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

462

He is my refuge. Ps. xci. 2.

L. M.

- 1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand, died?
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amidst the graves.
- 3 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and death are bless'd.
- 4 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sin and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to Thee.

10. SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

466

He knoweth our frame, &c. Ps. ciii. 14.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD! whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That He, by whom this frame was rear'd,
Its various weakness knows.
- 2 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;

In pains and dangers Thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

- 3 Supported by our Saviour's love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

469

He helped me. Ps. cxvi. 6.

C. M.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My off'rings shall be paid:
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 4 Let me be thine, for ever thine,
Let not my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,
Oh! bind me with thy love.

II. BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

470

Be ye also ready. Matt. xxiv. 44.

L. M.

- 1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;

Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go,
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in Thee :
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

1 WHEN youth or age is snatch'd away,
Oh ! may the truth, imprest
With awful power—"I too must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

2 Let the vain world engage no more,
Behold the yawning tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

3 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here :"
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not this world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here:"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—"The Lord is there;"
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion, Jehovah is her strength,
Secure, she's freed from all her foes:
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 Thither our course with joy we bend,
In hope the sacred place to gain,
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow end,
And peace and love for ever reign.
- 7 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd:
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to Thee, and be at rest.
- 8 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

476

Because I live, &c. John xiv. 19.

113th M.

- 1 O YE who with the silent tear,
And sadden'd steps, assemble here,
To bear these cold, these lov'd remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,—

Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives, and all is well.

- 2 That eye indeed is rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
Yet, could the lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is call'd to share,
How would our lips rejoice to tell
The Saviour lives, and all is well!

12. TRAVELLING BY SEA OR LAND.

477 *Joined in the same, &c. 1 Cor. i. 10. Double S. M.*

1 AND let our bodies part,
To diff'rent scenes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are;
Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still He keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with Him in white.

2 Oh! let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.
The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies,
And, through his grace, a rich reward
Awaits them in the skies.

3 Oh! let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end —
Where all our toil is o'er,
Our suff'rings and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

486 *The Lord is thy keeper.* Ps. cxxi. 5. 8.7.7.

- 1 THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us,
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, now our guardian be:
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

487 *Every day will I bless Thee.* Ps. cxlv. 2. C. M.

- 1 GREAT Sov'reign, let our ev'ning songs
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the off'rings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still our guard;
And still to drive our wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass us around;
But, ah! how few returns of love
Hath our Redeemer found!
- 4 What have we done for Him who died
To save our sinful souls?
Alas! our sins are multiplied,
Fast as each minute rolls.
- 5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
Lord, to thy cross we flee;
And yield them up, with all their powers,
To be renew'd by Thee.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise:
Help me to yield to thy command,
And in thy service spend my days.

485

I will lay me down in peace. Ps. iv. 8.

L. M.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh keep me! King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep which may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Lord let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

Praise God, &c. 727

486 *The Lord is thy keeper.* Ps. cxxi. 5. 8. 7. 7.

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 Now we lay us down to rest :
 Through the silent watches guard us ;
 Let no foe our peace molest :
 Jesus, now our guardian be :
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers :
 In thine arms may we repose ;
 And, when life's short day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

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 Thy hand was still our guard ;
 And still to drive our wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

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 Encompass us around ;
 But, ah ! how few returns of love
 Hath our Redeemer found !

4 What have we done for Him who died
 To save our sinful souls ?
 Alas ! our sins are multiplied,
 Fast as each minute rolls.

5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
 Lord, to thy cross we flee ;
 And yield them up, with all their powers,
 To be renew'd by Thee.

2 7 14. DIFFERENT SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

492

PSALM LXV.

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy,
Praise shall our hearts and lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To bless Thee, sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The day is taught by Thee to rise,
The night by Thee to veil the skies.
- 3 The clouds, dispos'd at thy command,
Their fatness drop through ev'ry land:
Her various produce nature yields,
And plenty smiles o'er all her fields.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise:
Oh! be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 5 Here in thy house let incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those glorious realms we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

493

A sower went forth to sow. Matt. xiii. 3.

C. M.

- 1 YE sons of men, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground;
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade,
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there:
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
-But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway-side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But, where the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!
- 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

494 *The earth bringeth, &c.* Isa. lxi. 11. C. M.

- 1 WHEN beauty clothes the fertile vale
And birds their chorus bring,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the day of spring!
- 2 Oh! let my inmost heart confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- 3 Inspir'd to praise my soul would join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.
- 4 And faith exults that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise,
Our Saviour God will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

495

All flesh is grass. Isa. xl. 6.

C.

- 1 THE grass and flowers which clothe the field
And look so green and gay,
Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
And fall and fade away.
- 2 Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own:
Around you look — the scythe of death
Is mowing thousands down.
- 3 The grass, when dead, revives no more;
We die, to live again;
But oh! if death should prove the door
To everlasting pain!
- 4 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
That, from our sins set free,
When, like the grass, our bodies fall,
Our souls may rise to Thee.

497

Seedtime and harvest, &c. Gen. viii. 22.

C.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, w
thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;

A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

498 *The goodness of the Lord.* Ps. xxxiii. 5. C. M.

1 Good is the Lord, our heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 Good is the Lord; it is his love
Which makes the earth to yield;
His clouds drop fatness from above;
He whitens ev'ry field.

3 Good is the Lord; his lib'ral hand
Is daily open'd wide,
To scatter plenty through the land,
That all may be supplied.

4 Good is the Lord; He gives us bread;
He gives his people more;
By Him their souls with grace are fed,
A boundless, richer store.

499 *The valleys are covered, &c.* Ps. lxv. 13. L. M.

1 ONCE more our condescending God
Has sent a harvest rich and good;
No cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
Has spoil'd the produce of the land.

2 We bless thy name for sun and showers,
And all the good that nature pours;
But thy enriching stores of grace
Transcend our highest notes of praise.

- 3 Pour out thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
To clothe with power thy quick'ning word,
Till saints, a richer harvest, rise,
And fill the garner of the skies.

503

He gave us fruitful, &c. Acts xiv. 17.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise.
- 2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
No blasting winds our path assail'd.
- 3 The harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stor'd,
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour,
Around it let no tempest lower.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love.

15. GRACE BEFORE OR AFTER MEAT.

506

He blessed and brake, &c. Matt. xiv. 19.

L. M.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee.

507 *Received with thanksgiving.* 1 Tim. iv. 3. L. M.
 WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
 But bless Thee more for Jesu's blood!
 May manna to our souls be given,
 The bread of life sent down from heaven.

XIV. Invitations and Warnings.

509 *Come unto me, &c.* Matt. xi. 28. L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
 The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
 The kind, the gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 Oh! come and spread your woes abroad;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
 How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
 The hopes thy gracious word impart:
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
 And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

510 *Whosoever will, let, &c.* Rev. xxii. 17. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come in mercy's gracious hour;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power;
 He is able, He is willing: doubt no more.

511 INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 Come, ye needy, ye are welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace which brings us nigh,
 Without money, come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 This He gives you; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous; sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;
 On the bloody cross behold Him,
 Hear Him cry, before he dies —
 "It is finish'd!" finish'd the great sacrifice.
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on Him, venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb:
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah! sinners here may sing the same.

511 *Come unto me, &c.* Matt. xi. 28—30. 8. 7.

- 1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down,

By the broken law convicted,

By the tempter's snares undone:

Look to Jesus; mercy flows thro' Him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it,

Love will make obedience sweet;

Christ will give you grace to bear it,

While his wisdom guides your feet

Safe to glory, where his ransom'd captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,

Light to newly open'd eyes,

Flowing springs in deserts dreary,

Is the rest the cross supplies:

All who taste it shall to rest immortal rise.

4 But, to sing the rest of glory,

Mortal tongues far short must fall;

Saints in heaven who taste its fulness,

Not e'en they can utter all;

Faith believes it, hope expects it, love desires it;

But it overwhelms them all.

513 *Come to Zion with, &c. Isa. xxxv. 10.*

75.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,

As ye journey, sweetly sing:

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,

Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,

In the way the fathers trod;

They are happy now, and we

Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Foes are round us, but we stand

On the borders of our land,

Jesus, God's exalted Son,

Bids us, undismay'd, go on.

4 Let us sing: for, safe and bless'd,

We with Jesus soon shall rest;

516 INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

There our home is now prepar'd,
There our kingdom and reward.

- 5 Onward then we'll gladly press,
Through this earthly wilderness;
Only, Lord, our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

516 *Why will ye die?* Ezek. xviii. 31. Double 7s.

- 1 SINNERS turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross his love and die?
- 2 Sinners turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live;
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace and die?
- 3 Sinners turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urg'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God and die?
- 4 Dead, already dead, within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God while here ye breathe,
Pant ye after *second* death?

Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
Oh! you dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

518 *Now is the accepted, &c. 2 Cor. vi. 2. C. M.*

- 1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
To Christ, who heals our wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son,
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says He'll cast out none
That come to Him by faith.
- 3 Then, wand'ring souls, to God return,
Free pardon He will give;
Look on your pierced Lord, and mourn,
And endless life receive.

519 *Those that seek me, &c. Prov. viii. 17. C. M.*

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In eager crowds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

531 LIFE, DEATH, AND THE RESURRECTION.

No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely bless'd,
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His presence always view;—
And, if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise Him too.

531

The first begotten, &c. Rev. i. 5.

8.8.6.

1 "THE first-begotten from the dead,"
Lo! Jesus ris'n, his people's Head,
To make their life secure;
They too like Him shall yield their breath,
Like Him, shall burst the bands of death:
Their resurrection sure.

2 Why should his people now be sad?
None have such reason to be glad,
As reconcil'd to God:
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives:
To them eternal life He gives:
The purchase of his blood.

3 Why should his people fear the grave?
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their bodies too?
What though this earthly house shall fail!
Almighty power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

4 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
Steadfast, immovable:
Be sure your labour's not in vain:
Your bodies shall be rais'd again,
No more corruptible.

XVI. *The Second Advent and Kingdom of Christ.*533 *Behold he cometh with, &c. Rev. i. 7. 8. 7. 4.*

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day; [away.
 Come to judgment—come to judgment—come

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See, in solemn pomp, appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah! See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own. [come!
 Oh! come quickly; Hallelujah! Come, Lord,

534 *Surely I come quickly. Rev. xxii. 20. C. M.*

1 OUR Saviour Christ will quickly come,
 As lightning shines on high;

537 THE SECOND ADVENT AND KINGDOM.

In clouds, with power and glory great,
Be seen by every eye.

2 While sudden terrors seize his foes,
His wrath they cannot flee;
The saints' redemption then appears;
Their Saviour they shall see.

3 The dead are rais'd, the living chang'd;
From ev'ry land they come;
His church's number all complete,
Th' elect are gather'd home.

4 Oh glorious hope! if Jesus be
Our Saviour and our Friend,
For we shall then be with our Lord,
In joys that never end.

5 Oh! may we wait, and watch, and pray,
Look up, and, free from fear,
Our life be all devotedness,
Till He our Lord appear.

537

Behold the, &c. Matt. xxv. 6.

148th M

1 YE waiting souls, arise,
And with the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold, the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, He comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;

We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

540

PSALM XCVI.

C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue,
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Behold, He comes! He comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

543

Let all the angels, &c. Heb. i. 6.

8. 7.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a sinner praise thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme;
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.
- 2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
"Ancient of eternal days,"
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise. *Ha*
- 3 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die. *Ha*
- 4 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. *Ha*

5 From the highest throne in glory
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 All to ransom guilty captives —
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow. *Hal.*

6 Come, return, immortal Saviour,
 Come, Lord Jesus, take thy throne;
 Quickly come and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thine own. *Hal.*

544 *The day of the Lord, &c.* 1 Thess. v. 2. 8. 7. 7.

1 NOTHING know we of the season
 When the world shall pass away;
 But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day,
 When the Saviour will return,
 And his people cease to mourn.

2 While a careless world is sleeping —
 Then it is the day will come;
 Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping;
 Sinners then must meet their doom;
 But the people of the Lord
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

3 Oh what sacred joys await them!
 They shall see the Saviour then;
 Those who now oppose and hate them
 Never can oppose again:
 Brethren, let us think of this;
 All is ours if we are his.

4 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep;
 Let our lamps be always burning;
 Let us watch while others sleep:
 We're no longer of the night;
 We are children of the light.

545 *All them also that love, &c.* 2 Tim. iv. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 WELCOME sight, the Lord descending,
Jesus in the clouds appears;
Lo! the Saviour comes, intending
Now to dry his people's tears.
Lo! the Saviour comes to reign;
Welcome to his waiting train.
- 2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master,
Long they felt like men forlorn;
Bid the seasons fly still faster,
While they sigh'd for his return:
Lo! the period comes at last;
All their sorrows now are past.
- 3 Now, from home no longer banish'd,
They are going to their rest;
Though the heavens and earth have vanish'd
With their Lord they shall be bless'd;
Bless'd with Him his saints shall be;
Bless'd throughout eternity.
- 4 Happy people, grace unbounded,
Grace alone, exalts you thus;
Be asham'd and be confounded;
Sing for ever—"Not to us,
Not to us be glory given;
Glory to the God of heaven."

Second 545 *Blessing and honour, &c.* Rev. v. 13. 8. 7.

- 1 JESUS, hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and quickens saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine
Lord, we own it love divine.

- 2 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin'd to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King."

546 *An high priest, &c. Heb. x. 21. 148th M.*

- 1 TH' atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 And, though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take his waiting people home.

XVII. Judgment, Hell, Eternity.

547 *The heaven departed, &c. Rev. vi. 14. L. M.*

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away! —
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day? —

553 JUDGMENT, HELL, ETERNITY.

- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
- 3 Oh! or that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

551 *All in the graves shall, &c. John v. 28. 8. 7. 4*

- 1 DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round: [found
How the summons will the sinner's heart con-
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour, own us in that day for thine
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken,
From his face prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee!
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You, for ever, shall my love and glory know."

553 *Looking for the mercy, &c. Jude 21. 8. 8. 6*

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, in self despair, to Thee,

A worm of earth I cry;
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner, born to die.

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
 Secure, insensible.
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God! thy saving grace impart,
 And deeply on each treach'rous heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give us to feel their solemn weight,
 To tremble at our guilty state,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Be this our one great object here,
 With godly jealousy and fear,
 To make our calling sure,
 Thy free salvation to embrace,
 To do thy will, renew'd thro' grace,
 And to the end endure.

555

The time of the, &c. Rev. xi. 18.

P. M

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead, which they contain'd before:
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,

557 JUDGMENT, HELL, ETERNITY.

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepar'd to meet Him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

557 *Unto Him that loved us.* Rev. i. 5—9. C. M.

1 To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God, —

2 To Him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd Him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

- 4 I am the First, and I the Last;
 Time centres all in Me;
 Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
 And evermore shall be.

XVIII. Heaven.

560

There remaineth, &c. Heb. iv. 9.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign:
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Lo! rising from the swelling flood,
 Th' eternal hills are seen;
 So Canaan's promis'd land was view'd,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 4 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With faith's illumin'd eyes;—
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

564

Made an high priest. Heb. vi. 20.

C. M.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of Thee;
 No music like thy saving name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 Oh! may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
 While in the world we stay;
 We'll sing our Sayiour's precious name
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favour'd throng.
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Jesus be our song.

565

A crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.

148th M.

- 1 Look up to yonder world,
 See myriads round the throne!
 Each bears a golden harp,
 Each wears a glorious crown:
 With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
 And strive to raise their praises higher.
- 2 Believing in his name,
 They in his footsteps trod;
 His righteousness their hope,
 Their only plea his blood;
 Lo! now they reign with Him above,
 Behold his face, and sing his love.
- 3 And shall we not aspire,
 Like them our course to run?
 The crown if we would wear,
 The cross must first be borne:
 Divinely taught, they show'd the way,
 First to believe, and then obey.

568

Came out of great, &c. Rev. vii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand;

- Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
 Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came:
 They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
 From all their labours now they rest,
 In God's eternal glory bless'd.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
 The tears are wip'd from every eye,
 And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace:
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
 To Him their loud hosannas raise —
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign:
 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God!"

570

Eye hath not seen, &c. 1 Cor. ii. 9.

C. M.

- 1 OH! could we but awake to see
 The glories of the skies,
 What a mean thing this earth would be,
 How worthless in our eyes!
- 2 Remove, O Lord! the veil away,
 That hides Thee from our sight;
 Shed on our hearts a quick'ning ray,
 And make our darkness light.
- 3 Give us the eye of faith, to see
 The wonders of thy love;
 And let our souls, renew'd by Thee,
 Be fix'd on things above.
- 4 So shall a treach'rous world no more
 Our wayward hearts ensnare;

537 THE SECOND ADVENT AND KINGDOM.

In clouds, with power and glory great,
Be seen by every eye.

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XVIII. *Heaven.*

560

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C. M.

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 Behold his face, and sing his love.
- 3 And shall we not aspire,
 Like them our course to run?
 The crown if we would wear,
 The cross must first be borne:
 Divinely taught, they show'd the way,
 First to believe, and then obey.

568

Came out of great, &c. Rev. vii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand;

- 1 Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came:
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
The tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise —
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign:
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!"

570

Eye hath not seen, &c. 1 Cor. ii. 9.

C. M.

- 1 OH! could we but awake to see
The glories of the skies,
What a mean thing this earth would be,
How worthless in our eyes!
- 2 Remove, O Lord! the veil away,
That hides Thee from our sight;
Shed on our hearts a quick'ning ray,
And make our darkness light.
- 3 Give us the eye of faith, to see
The wonders of thy love;
And let our souls, renew'd by Thee,
Be fix'd on things above.
- 4 So shall a treach'rous world no more
Our wayward hearts ensnare;

Above its follies we shall soar,
And breathe a purer air.

5 Pressing to reach the heavenly prize,
We will pursue thy way;
Till the last cloud that dims our eyes
Melts at the op'ning day.

Second 570 *The Lord hath, &c.* Ps. ciii. 19. L. M.

- 1 THY throne, O God, above the skies,
Where heaven's sublimest turrets rise,
In radiant glory sheds the light
Of endless day, serene and bright.
- 2 There glowing seraphs chaunt thy praise,
And cherubim their voices raise;
And white-rob'd hosts redeem'd from earth,
Swell the full tide of awful mirth.
- 3 They praise Thee, Lord, whose powerful voice
Bid nature's infant scenes rejoice;
Thee, Lord, they praise, whose sleepless eye
Visits creation far and nigh.
- 4 But chief for Thee, Incarnate, Slain,
Awakes the chord its rapt'rous strain;
And loftiest notes of heavenly song,
Roll the celestial spheres among.
- 5 And wilt Thou rend the heavens above?
And downward bid thy chariot move?
And wilt Thou dwell with man below?
'Thy Church?—the spirit bow'd with woe?
- 6 Then, Lord, this house with glory fill,
And in our hearts be present still;
Dwell with us, Lord, on earth, till we
Rise to the heavens, and dwell with Thee.

571 *I go to prepare a place, &c. John xiv. 2.* L. M.

- 1 Is there a brighter world than this,
A region of eternal bliss?
And can it be that man may share,
Vile as he is, a portion there?
- 2 Can sinful creatures bear to gaze
Upon the full unclouded blaze
That issues from the Fount of Light,
And not be wither'd at the sight?
- 3 Jesus, 'tis thine alone to bring
Rebellious sinners to their King;
To clothe them in the glorious dress
Of thy all-perfect righteousness; —
- 4 The banner of thy love to spread,
To cover their defenceless head;
And turn the flames of wrath aside,
By the sure plea that Thou hast died.
- 5 Oh! grant us, Lord, thy love to share;
Make us the objects of thy care;
Let grace resist corruption's reign,
Thy blood wash out its crimson stain.
- 6 And, when we're summon'd to appear
Before thy face, remove our fear;
And let our hearts rejoice to see
An all-sufficient Friend in Thee.

574 *The holy Jerusalem. Rev. xxi. 10.* C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls,
And gates of pearl behold,

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of purest gold?

- 3 Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end?
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
In glorious majesty;
And Him, through ev'ry stormy scene,
I onward press to see.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for Thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.

575 *So shall we ever be, &c.* 1 Thess. iv. 17. P. M.

- 1 FOR ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me;
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory!
- 2 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here —
What must it be in heaven!
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As now I journey day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

- 3 But how must his celestial voice
 Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice,
 When I in glory hear Him!
 While I before the heavenly gate
 For everlasting entrance wait,
 And Jesus on his throne of state
 Invites me to come near Him.
- 4 "Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me;
 With my own life I ransom'd Thee;
 Come, taste my perfect favour:
 Come in, thou happy spirit, come;
 Thou now shalt dwell with Me at home;
 Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
 For he must stay for ever."

XIX. *Social Meetings.*

576

Jesus stood in the midst. John xx. 19. L. M.

- 1 COME, condescending Saviour, come,
 Almighty from the vanquish'd tomb;
 Here thine assembled servants bless,
 And fill our hearts with sacred peace.
- 2 Oh! come Thyself, most gracious Lord,
 With all the joy thy smiles afford;
 Reveal the lustre of thy face,
 And make us feel thy vital grace.
- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer bless'd;
 Enter, Thou ever-honoured guest,
 Not for one transient hour alone,
 But there to fix thy lasting throne.
- 4 Enter, and make our hearts thy home,
 And, when our life's last hour is come,
 Let us but die as in thy sight,
 And death shall vanish in delight.

577

Gathered together, &c. Acts xii. 12.

L. M.

- 1 FEW are the hours when we can share
The comfort of united prayer;
In Jesu's name together meet,
And put the world beneath our feet.
- 2 Yet, Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which now assembles us once more;
O may we here thy presence find,
And serve Thee with a thankful mind.
- 3 Teach us, though in a world of sin,
Heaven's blest employment to begin,
To speak our great Redeemer's praise,
And love his name, and learn his ways.
- 4 Grant that our souls, renew'd by Thee,
In faith and friendship may agree,
And for thy sake delight to heal,
Or share the pain that others feel.
- 5 Teach us to love as Christians ought,
Nor keep one proud or angry thought;
And when we meet, or when we part,
O may we still be join'd in heart!
- 6 Father, look down with pitying eye;
Our sins forgive, our wants supply;
Through steadfast faith, that works by love,
Prepare us for thy rest above.

578

We have fellowship, &c. 1 John i. 7.

L. M.

- 1 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 2 If unto us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name,

- Our souls ere long shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 Oh! may we then, for his name's sake,
Out of his fulness all receive;
And in communion now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
Fix'd be our thoughts and hearts on Him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 O Father! one with Christ thy Son,
As Thou in Him, and He in Thee,
So, by thy Spirit, make us one,
In time and in eternity.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten to the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

579 *Let us exalt his name, &c. Ps. xxxiv. 3.* 7s.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
'With our stubborn hearts He strove;

Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

580

Where two or, &c. Matt. xviii. 20.

C. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord by prayer,
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And He will surely hear.
- 2 Shine, Lord, on every soul that comes
By prayer to seek thy face;
Thou know'st our hope, our only hope,
Is grounded on thy grace.
- 3 Help us, O Lord! to ask in faith:
Take unbelief away,
And for the blessings that we need,
Give us a heart to pray.

582

Made perfect in one. John xvii. 23.

C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the God of peace and love,
Who will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And spread his praise below.
- 3 Oh! may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death, can part,
 Those who, enjoying Jesu's grace,
 In Him are one in heart.

5 Soon will He wipe off ev'ry tear,
 On Canaan's blissful shore,
 Where all who friends in Jesus are
 Shall meet to part no more.

586 *They desire a better, &c.* Heb. xi. 16. P. M.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain:
 Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred ground
 With joyful songs we haste,
 Where light, and love, and peace abound,
 And everlasting rest. *Hal.*

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And ev'ry conflict's o'er;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more. *Hal.*

4 There, in celestial strains,
 The ransom'd myriads sing;
 And love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King. *Hal.*

589 *Fellowship of, &c.* Phil. ii. 1. L. M.

1 LED by a Father's gentle hand,
 Through this dark wilderness of woe,
 We long to reach that peaceful land,
 Where streams of lasting comfort flow.

2 Oh! may our meetings here be bless'd
 To fit us for that holy place;

May faith and love inflame each breast
With zeal to run the heavenly race.

3 Here may the Spirit shed the light
Of truth, to guide us on our way,
God's word upon our conscience write,
And teach us how to watch and pray.

4 We'll think how Jesus liv'd and died,
The pains and sorrows that He bore,
The blessing which his love supplied,
The home to which He's gone before.

5 There we will hope to rest ere long,
And gladly change, before his throne,
The pilgrim's for the conqu'ror's song,
Sav'd by redeeming grace alone.

590

A friend that, &c. Prov. xviii. 24.

8. 7. 7.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconcil'd, in Him, to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He liv'd on earth abased,
"Friend of Sinners" was his name:
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
 What He daily bears from us?
 Yet this glorious friend and brother
 Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a friend we have above:
 But, when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

591 *An afflicted and poor, &c. Zeph. iii. 12. L. M.*

- 1 "Poor and afflicted," Lord, are thine;
 Among the great they seldom shine;
 But He who saves them by his blood,
 Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted;" 'tis their lot;
 They know it, and they murmur not:
 'Twould ill become them to refuse
 The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted," yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King:
 "Through suff'rings perfect," now He reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted;" but ere long
 They'll join the bright celestial throng:
 Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And, while they walk the thorny way,
 They oft are heard to sigh and say,
 "Come, gracious Lord, oh! quickly come;
 And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

592

What do ye more, &c. Matt. v. 47.

L. M.

- 1 AND do we hope to be with Him
Who on the cross resign'd his breath,
Who died a victim to redeem
His people from eternal death?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to those below?
- 3 Where is that holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heavenly fruits
That show we're not what once we were?
- 4 Allied to Him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 'Tis thus his people prove their birth;
'Tis thus they glorify their Lord;
To others they resign the earth,
And hasten to their bright reward.

595

Let us exalt his name, &c. Ps. xliiv. 3.

7s

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us each, with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymn of praise.
- 2 Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore;
Where above all sin and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 To the Triune God of heaven
Love and praise be ever given;
Here, and by his hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

596

The gospel preached, &c. Heb. iv. 2.

8. 7.

- 1 PRAISE we Him by whose kind favour
Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears;
May its sweet reviving savour
Fill our hearts, and quell our fears.
- 2 Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we've now been hearing,
Lord, to ev'ry heart apply;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy.
- 4 Till Thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye;
This our aim (oh! leave us never);
Thine to live, and thine to die.

599

He opened to us, &c. Luke xxiv. 32.

C. M.

- 1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls;
Thy grace to us afford;
And, while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be Thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once Thou didst thy word expound,
To those that walk'd with Thee;
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its bless'd fulness see; —
- 3 Its riches, sweetness, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace,
By bless'd experience learn.
- 4 Help us each other to assist;
Thy Spirit now impart;

Keep humble, but with love inflame,
To Thee and thine, each heart.

- 5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day:
And, as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

XX. Family Hymns.

603

Have fervent charity, &c. 1 Pet. iv. 8.

76.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, both in thought and word;
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us still in God abide:
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

605

Praying in the, &c. Jude 20.

6. 78.

- 1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;

Grant that when we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to Thee,
And thy presence may be found
Breathing peace and joy around.

2 Lord, when we approach thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known;
Thus may we be taught to call
Humbly on the Lord of all,
And with reverence and fear
At thy footstool to appear.

6 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose,
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace,
And with confidence depend
On a gracious God and friend.

607

Where two or, &c. Matt. xviii. 20.

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, 'tis thy day;
Now, at its close, thy grace display:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Lo! two or three thy promise claim.
- 2 Thanks for thy house of prayer, O Lord!
Thanks for thy day, and for thy word,
For all the means which Thou hast given
Of knowing Thee, and gaining heaven.
- 3 The sabbath ended, now we seek
Thy blessing on us through the week;
Let all its days with Thee begin,
That each may prove a rest from sin.
- 4 Lord of the sabbath, 'tis thy day;
Let sinners feel and own thy sway:
The banner of the cross unfurl'd,
Spread Thou thine empire through the world.

608

Honour him ; not, &c. Is. lviii. 13.

8. 7. 7.

- 1 Ev'RY thought should be directed
Heavenward through this hallow'd day;
Worldly themes should be rejected,
Themes that draw the soul away:
'Tis the day of sacred rest;
'Tis the day the Lord has bless'd.
- 2 Oh what glorious themes invite us,
When we look on mercy's plan!
These are themes may well delight us,
Themes of joy to guilty man;
Full of sweetness, full of grace,
Suited to the sinner's case.
- 3 Why should we grow weary, thinking
Of the Saviour's grace and love?
From these springs his people drinking,
Get a taste of joys above:
Oh! 'tis good the Lord to know;
'Tis our heaven begun below.

616

He careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.

C. M.

- 1 THE daily favours of my God,
I cannot sing at large:
Yet let me make this holy boast,
I am th' Almighty's charge.
- 2 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread,
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 3 Oh! let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing,
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

620

PSALM CXLV.

C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon He sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

621

The sabbath, &c. Luke xxiii. 54.

6. 7s.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand,
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame:
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above,

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
Comforter of us all;
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.
- 2 Keep, Lord, our queen; her council guide,
And give them will and might,
Thy gospel ever to maintain,
And so put sin to flight.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, guide, assist,
All preachers of thy word;
By them o'erthrow the powers of sin,
With this thy two-edg'd sword.
- 4 True faith in us, O Lord! increase,
And let love so abound,

That all at home may live in peace,
And all about us round.

- 5 Convert men that are now thy foes,
And bring them to thy light!
Till all shall in thy truth agree,
And praise Thee day and night.

625

Because I live, &c. John xiv. 19.

C. M.

(On the death of a minister.)

- 1 THE Saviour lives! our hearts revive,
Let all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The faithful pastor gone,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue!
- 3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 4 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."
- 5 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
Thy promise is our trust:
And it shall be our children's song,
When we are laid in dust.

XXI. Private Hymns.

631

The word of the Lord, &c. 1 Pet. i. 25.

C. M.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, the heavenly theme;
Awake my heart, and sing

The gracious work, and saving name,
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To wretched dying men;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Yes: ev'ry word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Jesus, unchangeably the same,
My confidence, my boast;
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

- 1 BLESS the Lord, my soul, and raise
A glad and grateful song,
To my dear Redeemer's praise,
For I to Him belong.
He, my goodness, strength, and God,
In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my ransom with his blood:
My portion is the Lamb.

- 2 Though temptations seldom cease,
 Though frequent griefs I feel,
 Yet his Spirit whispers peace,
 And He is with me still.
 Weak of body, sick in soul,
 Depress'd at heart, and faint with fears,
 His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers.
- 3 O! my Jesus, Thou art mine,
 With all thy grace and power;
 I am now, and shall be thine
 When time shall be no more.
 Thou reviv'st me by thy death;
 Thy blood from guilt has set me free;
 My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
 And love, are all in Thee.

637

Ask and it shall be, &c. Matt. vii. 7.

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not turn away.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King;
 Large petitions with Thee bring;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;
 Oh! remove this load of sin;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

638

Thou art my, &c. Ps. cxlii. 5.

L. M.

- 1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, gracious Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.
- 2 The knowledge of thy dying love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow: for Thee alone,
My All in all, I pray.
- 3 Lov'd of my God, for Thee my soul
Would burn with love sincere;
Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
Help me to choose Thee here.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
Oh! teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If Thou, O God! art mine.

639

I have loved thee, &c. Ps. xxvi. 8.

L. M.

- 1 DEAR is to me the sabbath morn;
The village bells, the pastor's voice,
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And these have bid that heart rejoice.
- 2 And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the bless'd abode,

Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 Oh! when the world, with iron hand,
Would bind me in its six days' chain,
Thus burst, O Lord! the strong man's hand,
And let my spirit loose again.

646

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 15,

7s.

- 1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

647

The Sun of righteousness. Mal. iv. 2.

C. M.

- 1 How bless'd thy creature is, O God!
When with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!
- 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing in his wings.
- 3 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heavenly reign.
- 4 The glorious orb, with golden beams,
Does cheering rays impart;
But Jesus gives more joyful light,
That shines upon the heart.
- 5 Shine ever, Lord, upon my heart,
And grace on me bestow,
Till in full light of perfect day
I all thy glory know.

649

I hate vain thoughts. Ps. cxix. 113.

L. M.

- 1 I FAIN would love the day of rest,
Would still esteem this day the best;
But oft, alas! I've need to say,
"How barren is my soul to-day!"
- 2 True, I frequent the house of prayer,
I go and sit with others there;
I hear and sing, and seem to pray,
But oft my mind is call'd away.
- 3 I fain would see the Saviour near,
Of Him would think, and speak, and hear

But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
And draw my soul from what is good.

4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesu's blood,
I fain would give the day to God:
But, seldom to my purpose true,
'Tis mine to plan, but not to do.

5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief:
Oh bring thy worthless worm relief!
Revive thy work within my soul,
And all my thoughts and powers control.

650 *My Redeemer liveth.* Job xix. 25. L. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2 He lives my kind, wise, constant Friend,
Who still will keep me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 He lives that He may in me dwell,
And save me from the power of hell;
'To comfort me whene'er I faint,
And soothe my heaviest complaint.

4 He lives my mansion to prepare,
And He will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to his name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

658 *He is precious.* 1 Peter ii. 7. 113th M.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
Beloved of the Father, Thou!
Oh let me catch th' immortal flame
With which angelic bosoms glow!
As angels love Thee, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

- 2 My Prophet Thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear:
The words that from thy lips proceed,
Oh how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross,
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In Thee I trust; Thee would I love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 4 My King supreme, to Thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My Saviour-King this heart would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

674

Enoch walked with God. Gen. v. 24.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;

- I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

676

The love of Christ. Ephes. iii. 19.

8. 8. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, my joy Thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
My thirsty spirit pants to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this obdurate heart!
For Thee and for thy love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
Like Mary, at my Saviour's feet
This be my constant choice;
My chief desire, my highest bliss,
My peace, my heaven on earth is this,
To know and hear his voice.

695

Not worthy, &c. Gen. xxxii. 10.

S. M.

- 1 UNWORTHY, Lord, of all
Thy mercies, though we be,
Yet for the greatest we may call,
The greatest are most free.
- 2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare, .
Yet us Thou sparest still;
Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,
Our righteousness fulfil.
- 3 For such amazing grace,
What can poor sinners give?
At thy command we seek thy face,
We meet our Judge and live.
- 4 The world we would forsake,
Our all to Thee resign;
Oh save us, for thy mercies' sake!
Oh save us! — we are thine.
- 5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
Who seek our home above,
Thee may we serve with holy fear,
And love with child-like love.

698

The good that I, &c. Rom. vii. 19.

L. M.

- 1 WHAT means this conflict in my heart,
In which both grace and sin take part?
Both seem resolv'd in me to reign,
And both a daily war maintain.
- 2 Grace bids me seek the Lord by prayer;
Sin almost drives me to despair;
Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth;
Sin drags me downward to the earth.
- 3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,
His house, his service, and his word;

But sin in ev'ry place has tried
To turn my wand'ring heart aside.

- 4 Grace gives me views of heavenly joys,
But sin my happiness annoys;
Though sin, O Lord! would hold me fast,
Thy grace shall conquer sin at last.

701 *I know whom I have, &c.* 2 Tim. i. 12. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 'There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest,
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll,
Nor fears assail my breast.

XXIII. Doxologies.

721 S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

723

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

725

C. M.

- 1 To God, our Benefactor, bring
The tribute of your praise;
Too small for an almighty King,
But all that we can raise.
- 2 Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more.

726

7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

727

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE END.

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